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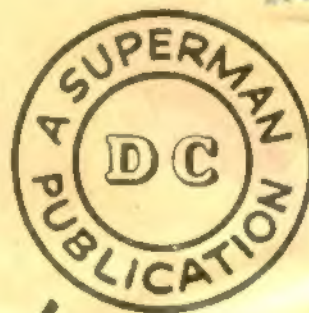
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ANTELOPE

AS SMART AS HE'S NIMBLE,
WHEN HE BUYS COMICS,
HE LOOKS FOR THIS SYMBOL!



— ON THE COVER OF
**ACTION
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IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY**
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The SANDMAN

AND

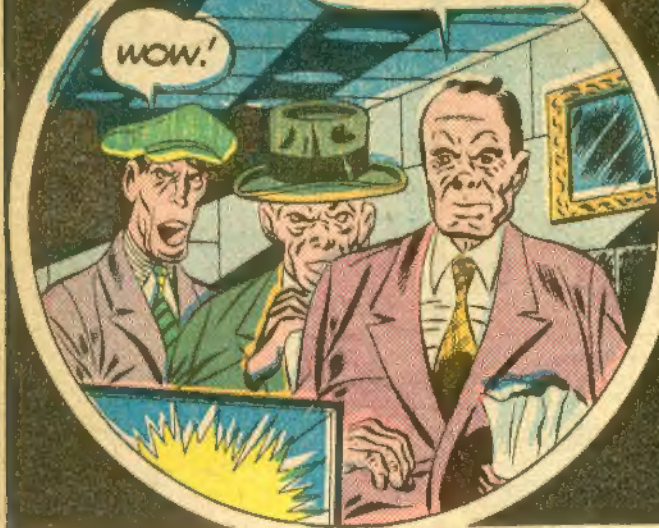
SANDY

in **"SWEETS
FOR
SWAG!"**

IT'S A QUEER CROOK WHO LEADS HIS MURDERING MOBSTERS FORTH TO STEAL AND ROB WHILE MUNCHING BON-BONS AND CARAMELS! BUT THAT'S "SWEET TOOTH" SANDERS FOR YOU - A NO-GOOD, WHO GNAWS ON NOUGATS AND MASTICATES MARASCHINOS UNTIL THE AMBER AVALANCHE AND THE GOLDEN BOY CASCADE INTO SPARKLING ACTION TO "BUTTERSCOTCH" HIS SCHEMES AND MAKE HIM DISGORGE....
"SWEETS FOR SWAG!"

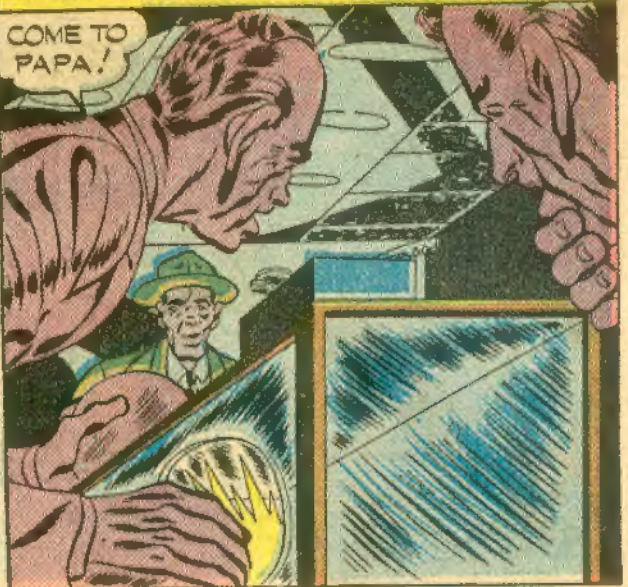


(CHEW-CHEW) I TOLD YOU GUYS THIS JOINT WAS WORTH OUR WHILE! TAKE A SQUINT AT THEM JOOLS!



A GLASS CUTTER IN AN EXPERT HAND...

COME TO PAPA!



YA SAP — THEY'LL HEAR THAT!

ODDPOSS!



OUTSIDE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM A BOND RALLY, ARE WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS...

CRASH

THOSE BONDS... SAY! THAT CAME FROM INSIDE THE MUSEUM! THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANYONE IN THERE!



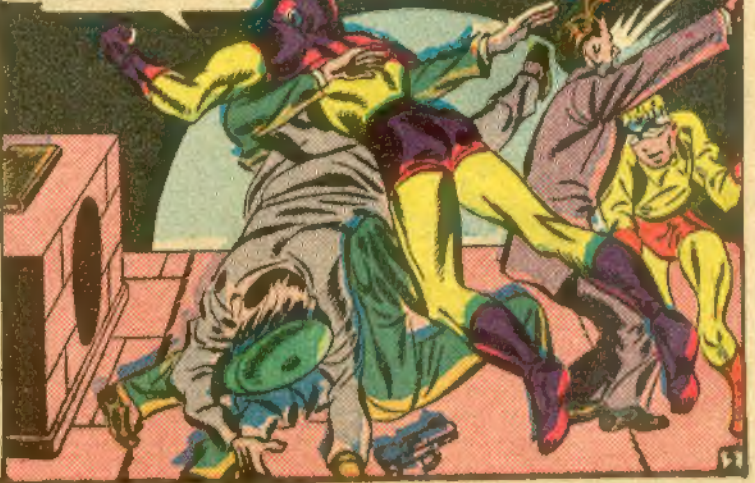
A QUICK CHANGE AND...

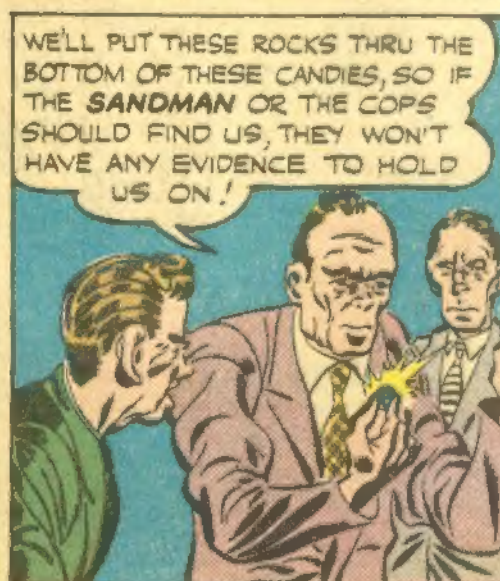
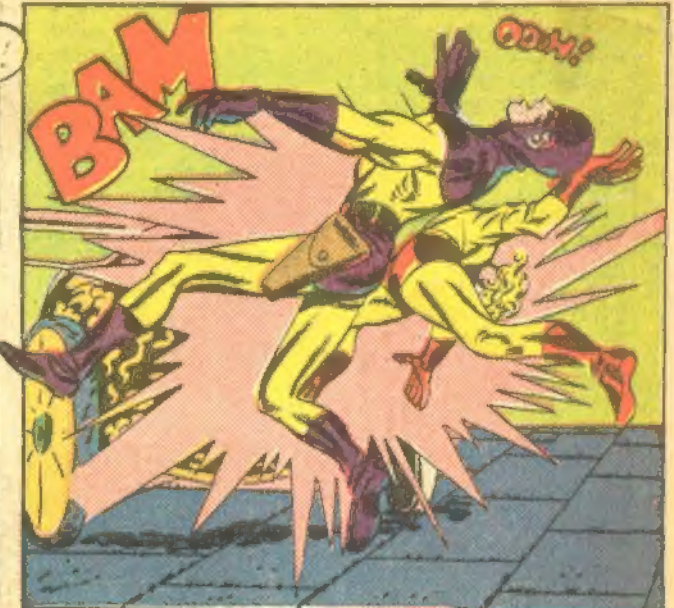
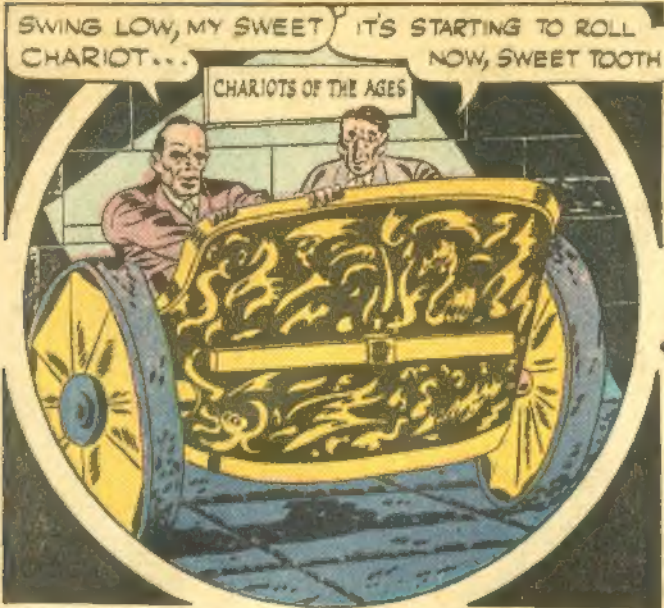
CROOKS ON DISPLAY, EH?



SANDMAN!

LET'S MAKE THIS A CLOSE FRIENDSHIP!





A FEW MINUTES LATER, A BAFFLED DUO COMES TO A HALT...

LOOKS AS IF THEY GOT AWAY AFTER ALL.

BY THE TIME WE'D FINISH LOOKING THRU THE PLACE, THEY'D BE HOME SLEEPING.

SAY, ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE HIT THE SACK? DON'T FORGET I HAVE TO ATTEND THE PARTY THE DEVEREAUX TWINS ARE THROWING!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SANDY! MAYBE WE CAN PICK UP THIS TRAIL TOMORROW!

PLEASANT DREAMS, SANDY!

THANKS... I'M HOPING I'LL FIND THOSE CROOKS IN THEM

THE SYMBOL OF THE **SANDMAN** IS THE DREAM, AND IN THE STRANGE FANTASIES THAT HAUNT THE SLUMBER OF OLD AND YOUNG, WE MAY DISCERN THE SHADOWS THAT FORETELL COMING EVENTS...

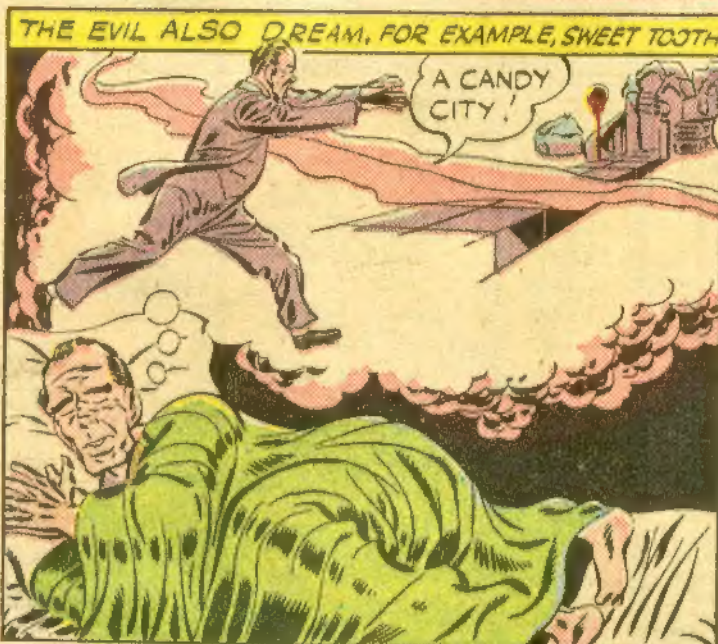
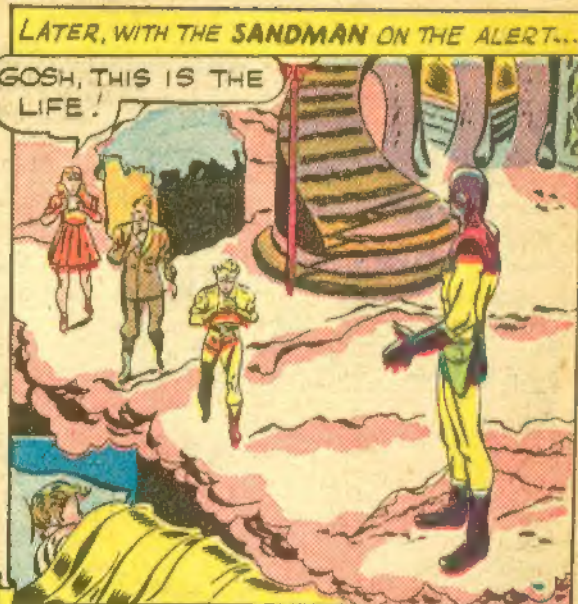
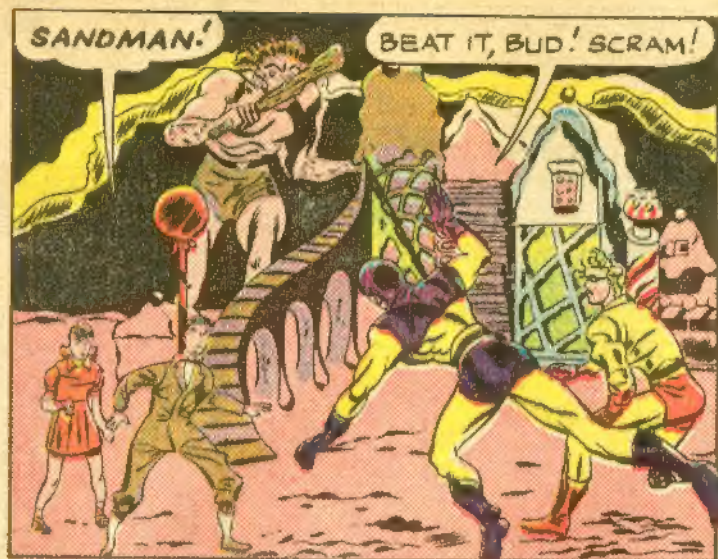
THE DEVEREAUX TWINS SMILE GENTLY AS THEIR IMAGINATIONS, EXCITED BY THEIR COMING PARTY, LEAD THEM INTO A LAND OF WONDER...

GINNY, LOOK! A CANDY CITY!

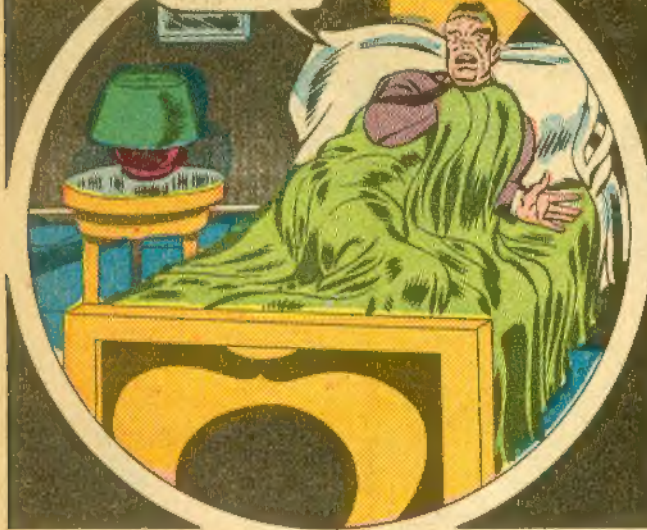
OH, BOY, LOOK AT THAT!

GO AWAY! LEAVE THIS CANDY VILLAGE ALONE!

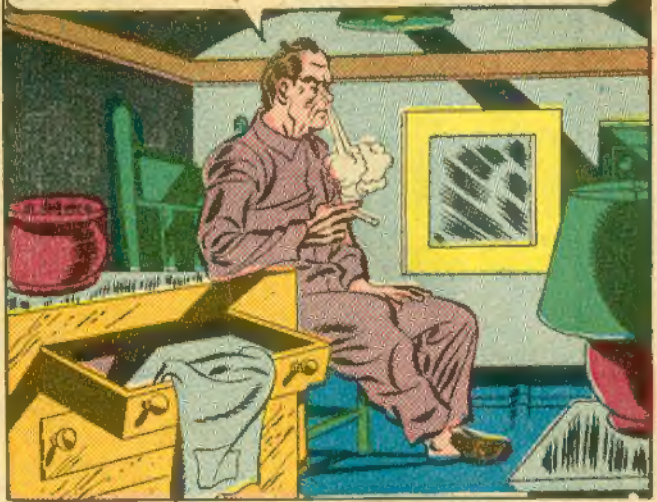
OOOH, AN OGRE! IT'S ALL RIGHT, KIDS, IT ISN'T HIS VILLAGE.



TH- THE PARTY, HONEST... ULP! I-I- WHERE AM I ?



(WHEW) LUCKY THAT WAS ONLY A DREAM, BUT MAYBE THE **SANDMAN** DOES KNOW THAT THE JEWELS ARE IN THE DEVEREAUX CANDIES..



SOMETIME LATER AT THE ELITE CANDY FACTORY...

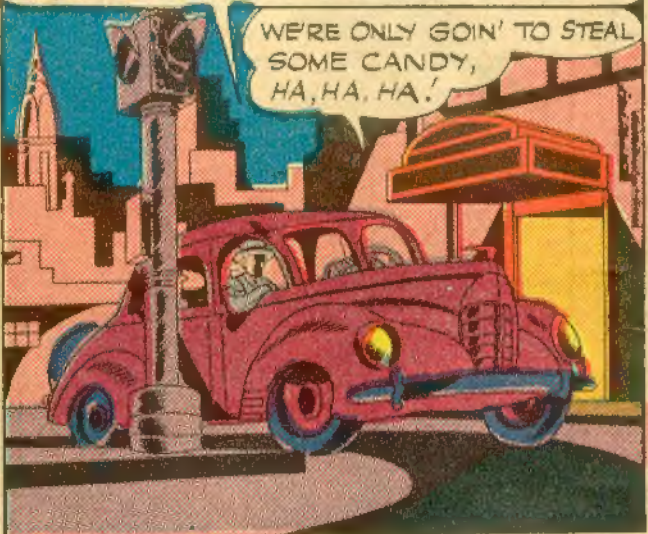
WHAT? YOU SAY THE DEVEREAUX SHIPMENT WENT OUT ALREADY ?

WHY, YES! THEY SAID TO SEND IT! I DIDN'T KNOW ANYBODY WAS COM- ING TO CALL FOR IT!



WE'RE HEADING FOR THE DEVEREAUX PARTY!

WE'RE ONLY GOIN' TO STEAL SOME CANDY, HA, HA, HA!



THAT AFTERNOON AT THE DEVEREAUX HOME, COMES...

WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS! WELL, WES, GLAD YOU COULD BRING SANDY OVER!

HELLO, HELEN! HOW ARE THE TWINS?



FINE, THANKS! HOW ABOUT SOME CANDY, WES?

THANKS, HELEN, I'LL EAT IT LATER. I'VE GOT TO LEAVE FOR AN APPOINTMENT UPTOWN!



AND SO WES DODDS ONCE MORE STEPS ALONG THE SIDEWALK UNAWARE THAT HE HOLDS IN HIS HAND A CANDY WORTH A FORTUNE.

HERE YOU ARE, FELLA!

A CANDY WORTH A FORTUNE.

CANDY? THANKS, MISTER.

THIS IS GOOD... OWW!

WHAT?!

SWELL TRICK, MISTER, I DON'T THINK-- I NEARLY BROKE MY JAW!

SORRY, KID. HERE'S A DOLLAR! TREAT YOURSELF TO SOME HONEST CANDY!

A DIAMOND!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE GOLDEN FORM OF THE **SANDMAN** APPEARS ON THE DEVEREAUX ROOF.

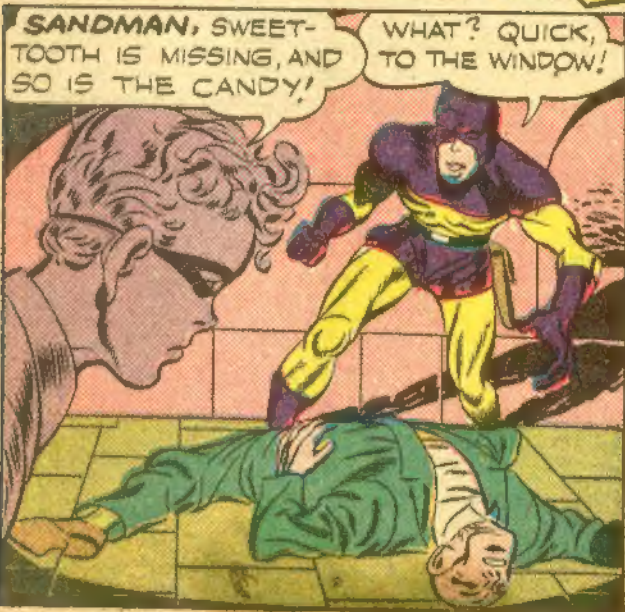
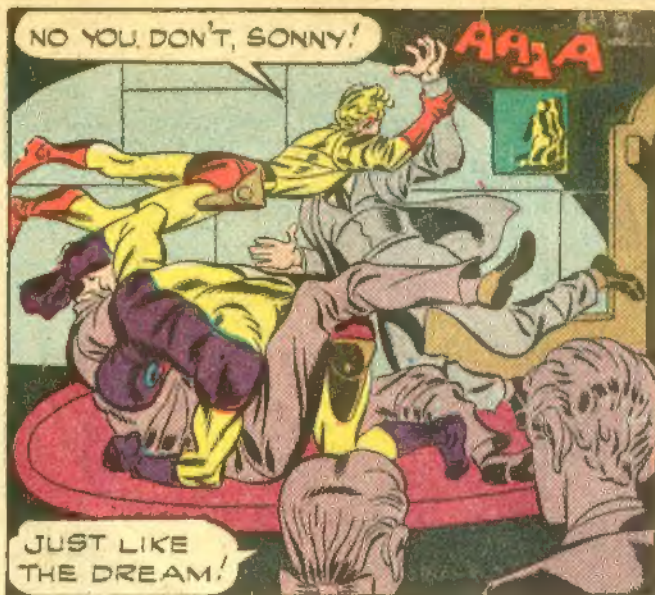
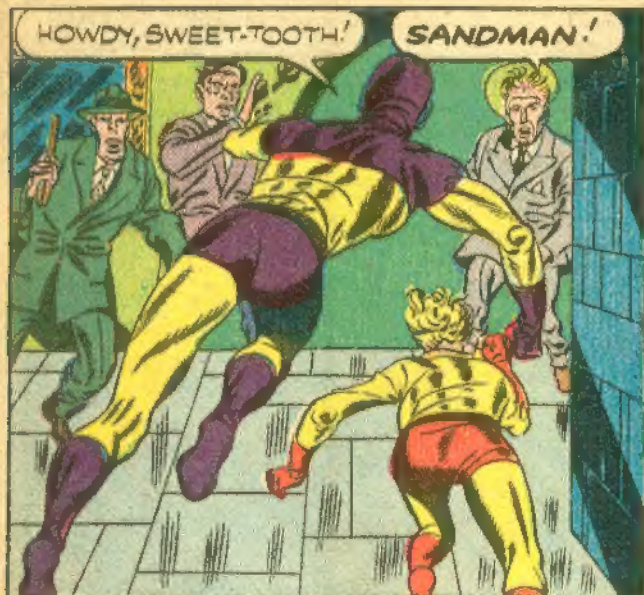
THOSE CROOKS MUST HAVE PUT THE REST OF THE DIAMONDS IN THE DEVEREAUX CANDIES! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH **SANDY** NOW. AND THEN WE'LL ATTEND TO THOSE CROOKS!

LATER...

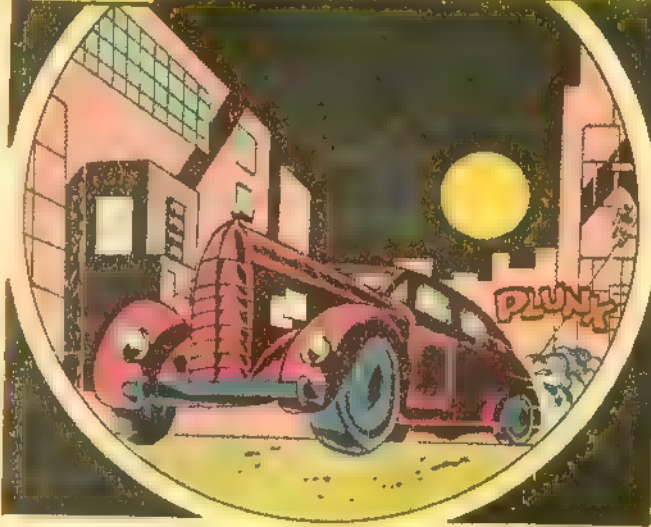
WHAT'S GOING ON, **SANDMAN**?

IT'S SWEET-TOOTH SANDERS AND HIS MOB! THE ONES WE CHASED LAST NIGHT! THEY HID THEIR LOOT IN THE CANDIES!

DON'T MAKE NO NOISE, LADY! LUCKY YER KID'S FRIENDS AIN'T HERE YET. IT'LL BE A NICE FAST JOB! NOW TOIN OVER DOSE CANDIES YA GOT TODAY!



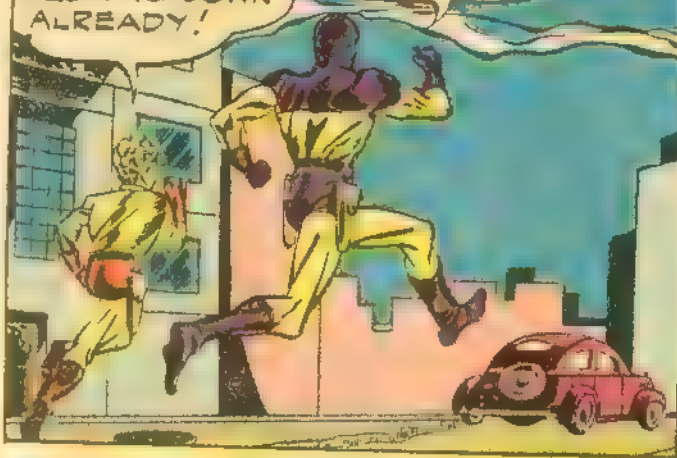
WITH A SHRILL WHINE, THE WIREPOON HUMS THROUGH THE AIR AND PIERCES THE GAS-TANK!



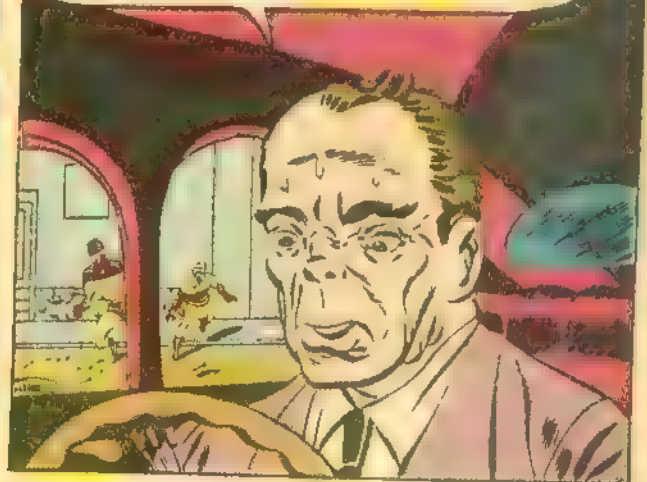
GOT IT! COME ON, LET'S GET AFTER HIM!
RIGHT, SANDMAN!



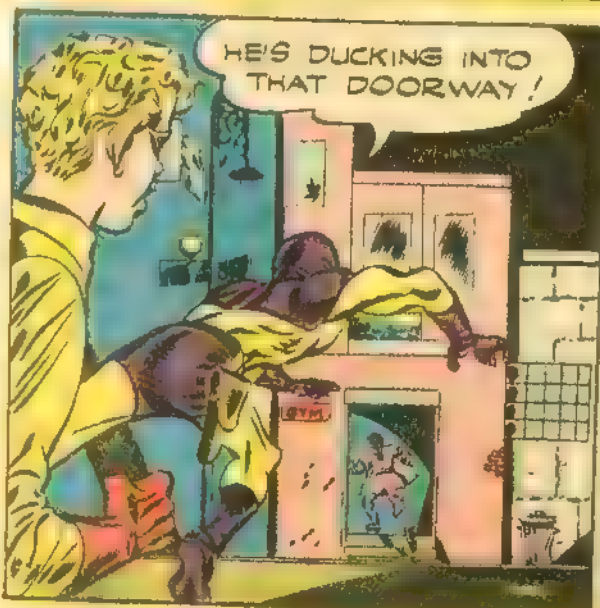
HE CAN'T GO VERY FAR, THE WAY THE GAS IS POURING OUT OF HIS CAR!
LOOK- HE'S SLOWING DOWN ALREADY!



EMPTY! AND I CAN HEAR THEM TWO GUYS POUNDIN' AFTER ME... I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!



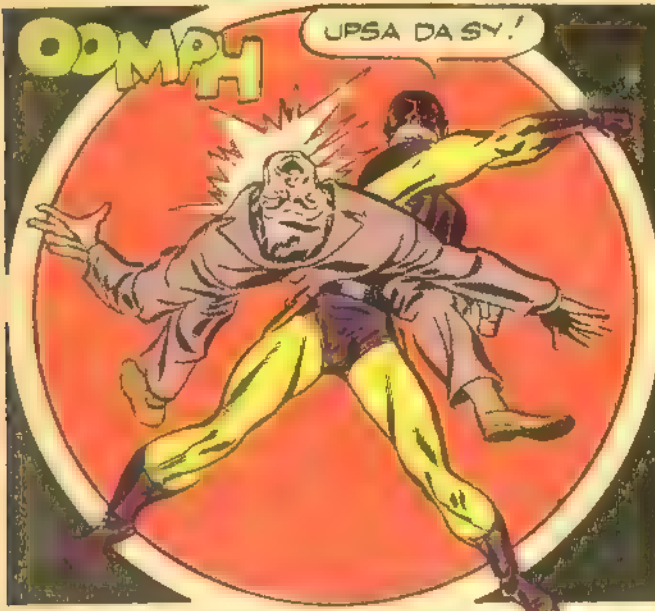
HE'S DUCKING INTO THAT DOORWAY!



BUT THE TWIN THUNDERBOLTS ARE A LITTLE TOO FAST FOR SWEET-TOOTH THIS TIME...

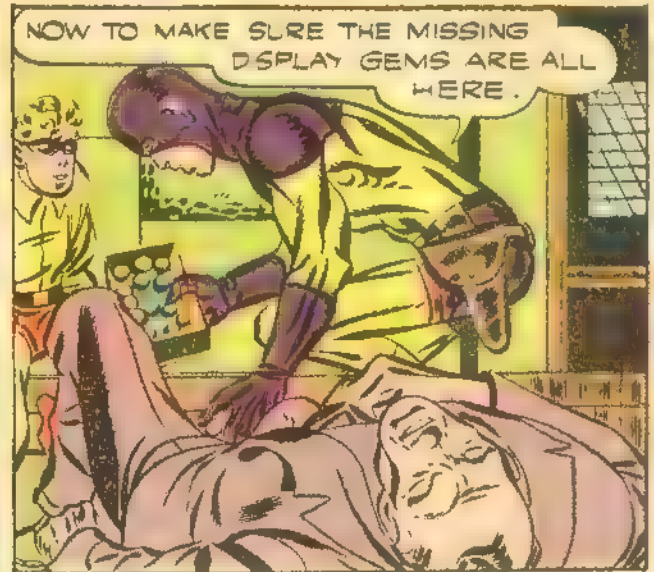
MIND F I BUTT IN?



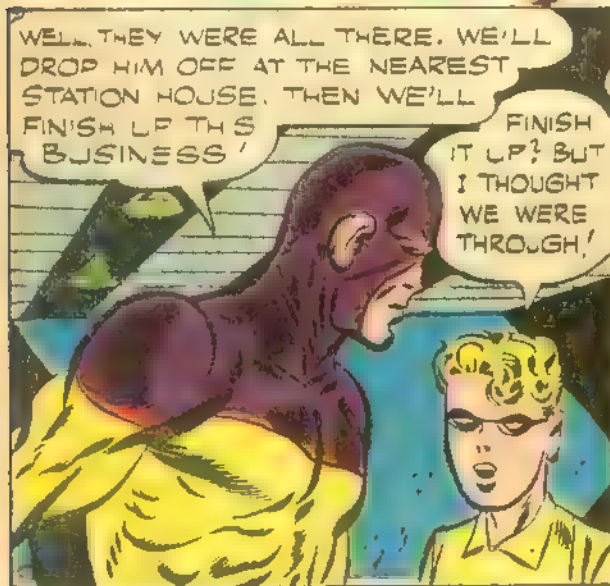


UPSA DASY!

BOOMPH

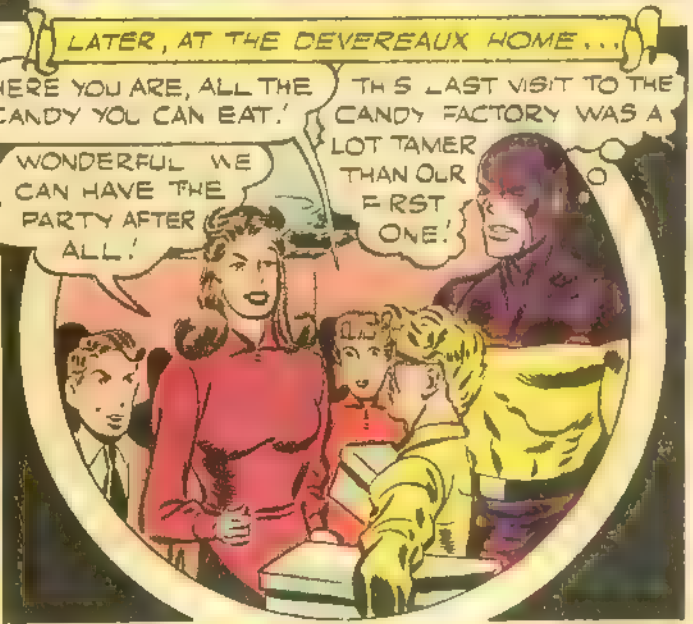


NOW TO MAKE SURE THE MISSING DISPLAY GEMS ARE ALL HERE.



WELL THEY WERE ALL THERE. WE'LL DROP HIM OFF AT THE NEAREST STATION HOUSE. THEN WE'LL FINISH UP THIS BUSINESS!

FINISH IT UP? BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE THROUGH!

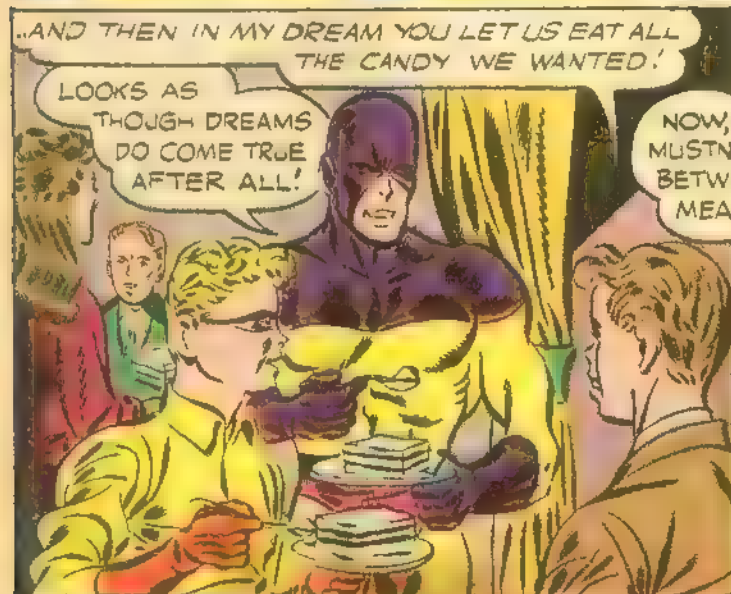


LATER, AT THE DEVEREAUX HOME...

HERE YOU ARE, ALL THE CANDY YOU CAN EAT!

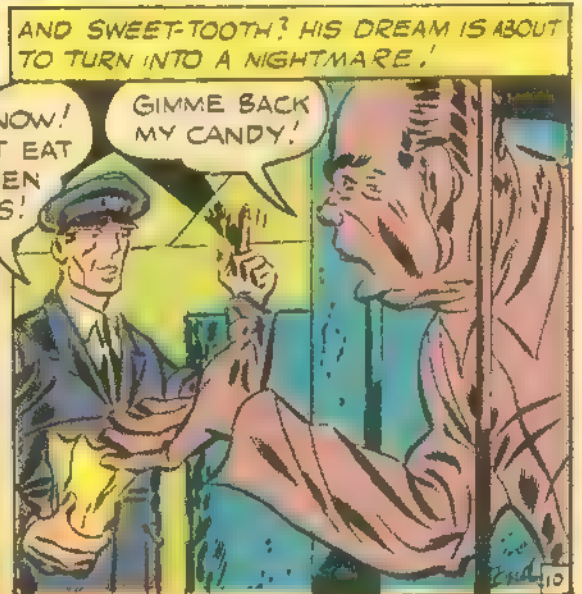
THIS LAST VISIT TO THE CANDY FACTORY WAS A LOT TAMER THAN OUR FIRST ONE!

WONDERFUL WE CAN HAVE THE PARTY AFTER ALL!



...AND THEN IN MY DREAM YOU LET US EAT ALL THE CANDY WE WANTED!

LOOKS AS THOUGH DREAMS DO COME TRUE AFTER ALL!

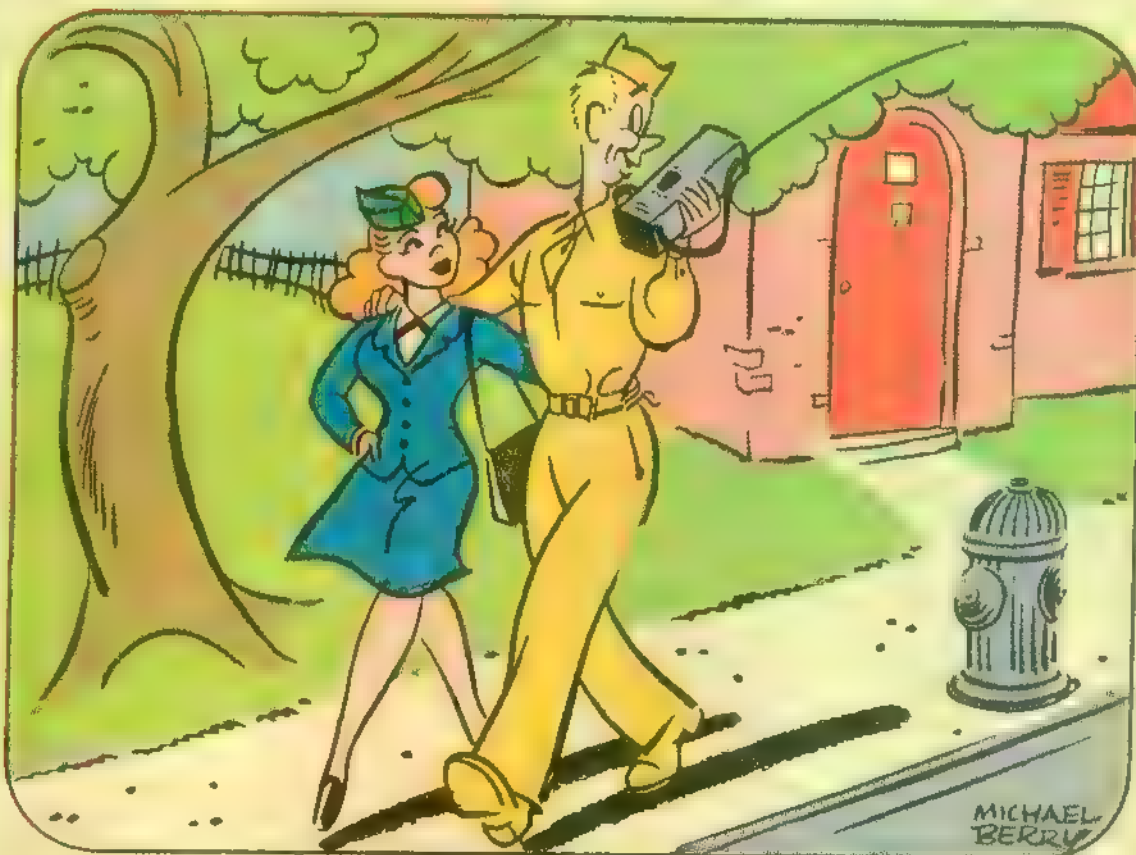


AND SWEET-TOOTH? HIS DREAM IS ABOUT TO TURN INTO A NIGHTMARE!

NOW, NOW! MUSTN'T EAT BETWEEN MEALS!

GIMME BACK MY CANDY!

LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"Just a minute, sarge, until I switch over to short wave."

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the Doughboy Does It!"

GOOD NEWS—"Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are back!

Since Pearl Harbor, they have powered the famous walkies-talkies and other vital equipment for our Armed Forces.

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Remember—size for size "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are the most powerful "B" batteries ever made.

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EVEREADY

BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT
OVER THAT OLD METHOD OF RUNNING
OUT HERE WITH A BUCKET OF WATER!



Love, J. R. R. R.



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TIME OUT... FOR WHEATIES.

BOY! WHAT NOURISHMENT! WIDELY-KNOWN ESSENTIAL WHOLE GRAIN FOOD VALUES... IN WHEATIES. INCLUDING VALUABLE B VITAMINS, IMPORTANT MINERALS.

BOY! WHAT FLAVOR! TANGY TOASTED TASTES IN BIG, HONEY-BROWN FLAKES. PLUS MELLOW, MALT-SWEET SYRUP. A COMBINATION OF ELEGANT EATING THAT REALLY SCORES WITH YOUR APPETITE.

BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT OVER THAT OLD BREAKFAST... WHEN YOU ADD A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT





GENIUS JONES



ALL LONDON'S STILL TALKING ABOUT GENIUS JONES' VISIT TO THE OLD TOWN—AND SCOTLAND YARD IS STILL AGHAST AT THE WAY THE ANSWERMAN SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS THE WILY AND RUTHLESS DEPREDACTIONS OF...

The **HARD-HEADED LEAGUE!**

GENIUS JONES MAKES A PERSONAL APPEARANCE ON THE LONDON STAGE DURING A GOOD-WILL VISIT.

GENIUS JONES, IS IT TRUE THAT A LONDON BILLIONAIRE WOULD BE RICHER THAN AN AMERICAN ONE?

YES. A BILLION HERE IN ENGLAND IS A MILLION MILLIONS—AT HOME IN AMERICA IT'S A THOUSAND MILLIONS.

NEXT QUESTION, PLEASE!

GENIUS JONES — IS THIS A GOOD RUBBER BALL I'VE BOUGHT FOR MY LITTLE BOY?

YES FROM THE LOOK OF ITS TEXTURE, I CAN TELL THAT HE WILL GET 629 476 NORMAL BOUNCES FROM IT - IF HIS ARM HOLDS OUT!

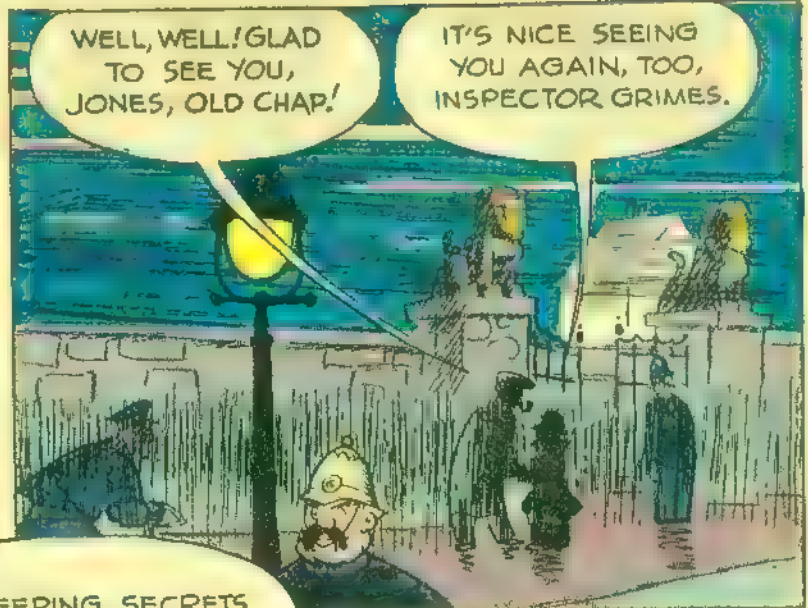
AND NOW FOLK, THAT ENDS THE PERFORMANCE GOOD NIGHT

'OORAY FOR GENIUS JONES!



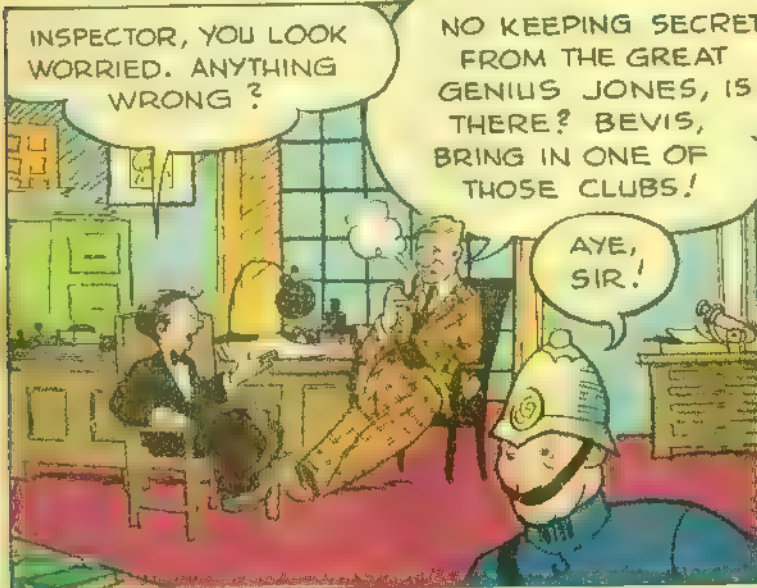


THINK I'LL DROP OVER TO SCOTLAND YARD AND SEE MY OLD FRIEND, INSPECTOR GRIMES.



WELL, WELL! GLAD TO SEE YOU, JONES, OLD CHAP!

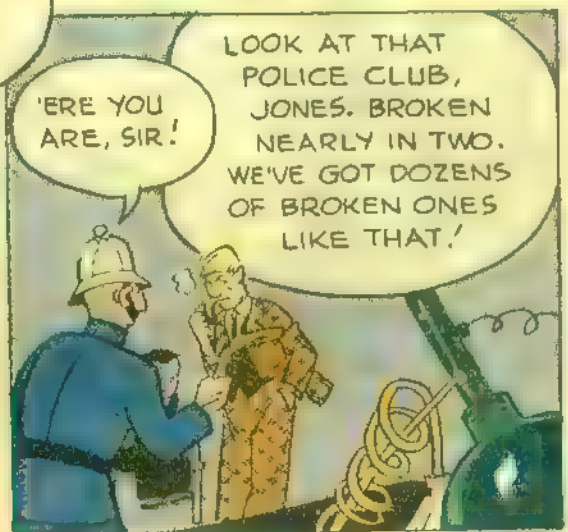
IT'S NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN, TOO, INSPECTOR GRIMES.



INSPECTOR, YOU LOOK WORRIED. ANYTHING WRONG?

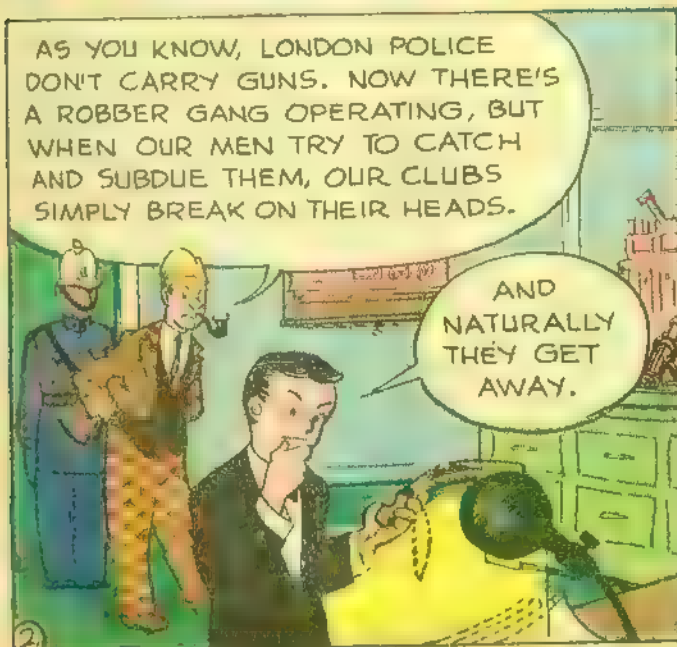
NO KEEPING SECRETS FROM THE GREAT GENIUS JONES, IS THERE? BEVIS, BRING IN ONE OF THOSE CLUBS!

AYE, SIR!



'ERE YOU ARE, SIR!

LOOK AT THAT POLICE CLUB, JONES. BROKEN NEARLY IN TWO. WE'VE GOT DOZENS OF BROKEN ONES LIKE THAT!



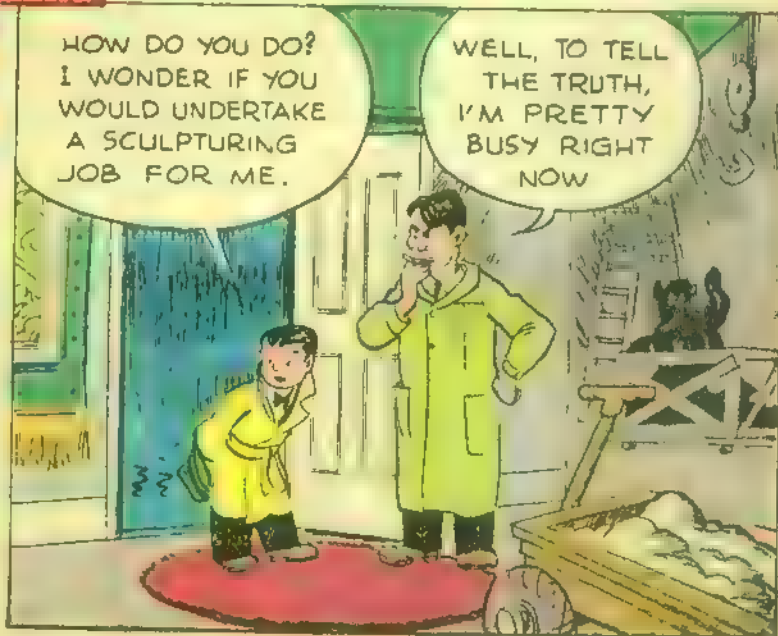
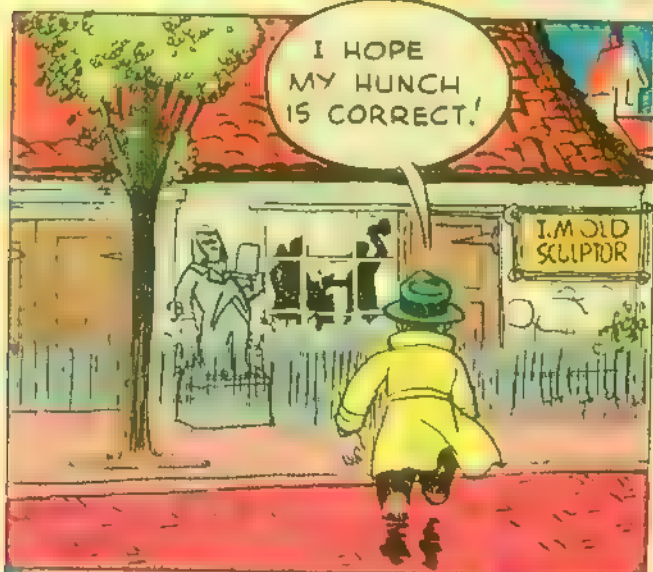
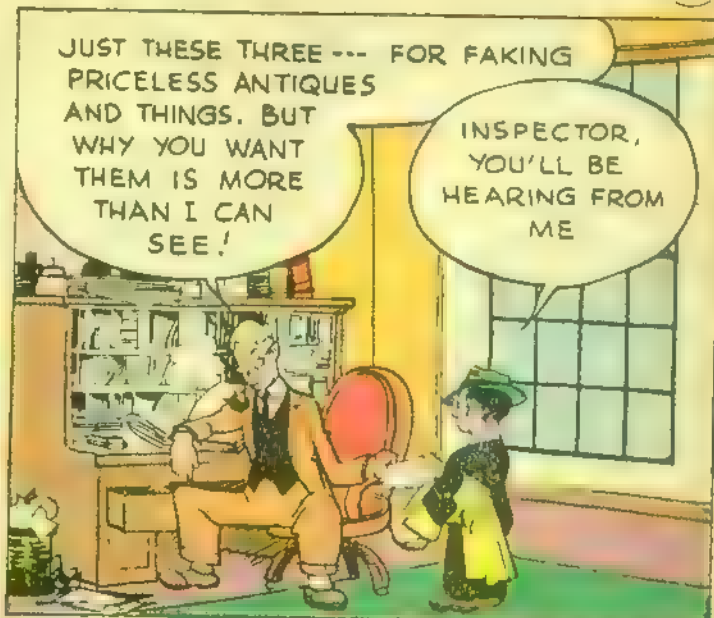
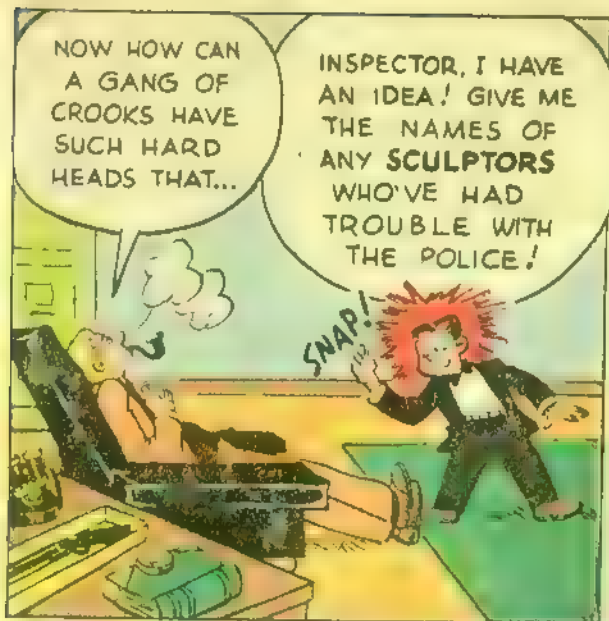
AS YOU KNOW, LONDON POLICE DON'T CARRY GUNS. NOW THERE'S A ROBBER GANG OPERATING, BUT WHEN OUR MEN TRY TO CATCH AND SUBDUE THEM, OUR CLUBS SIMPLY BREAK ON THEIR HEADS.

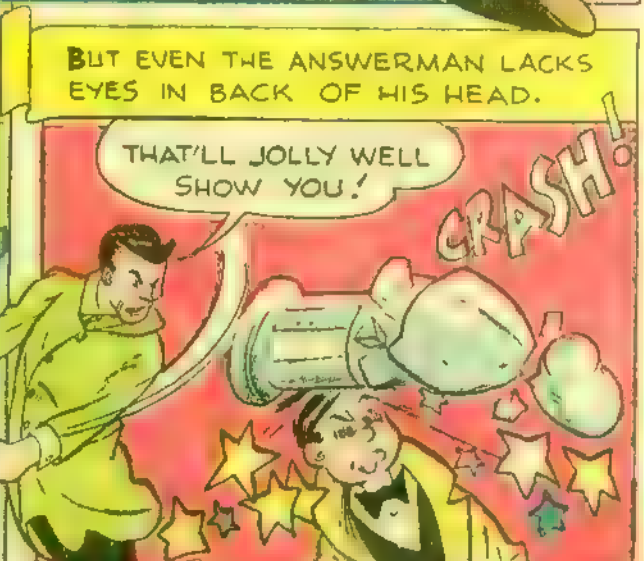
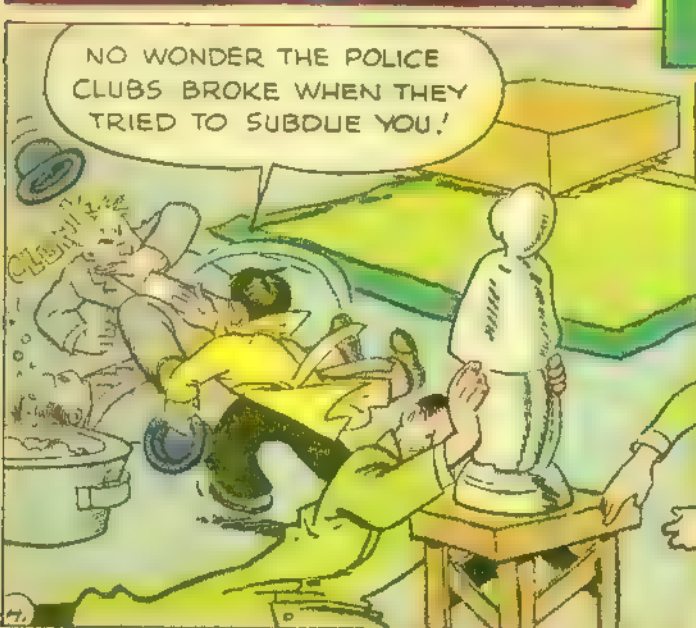
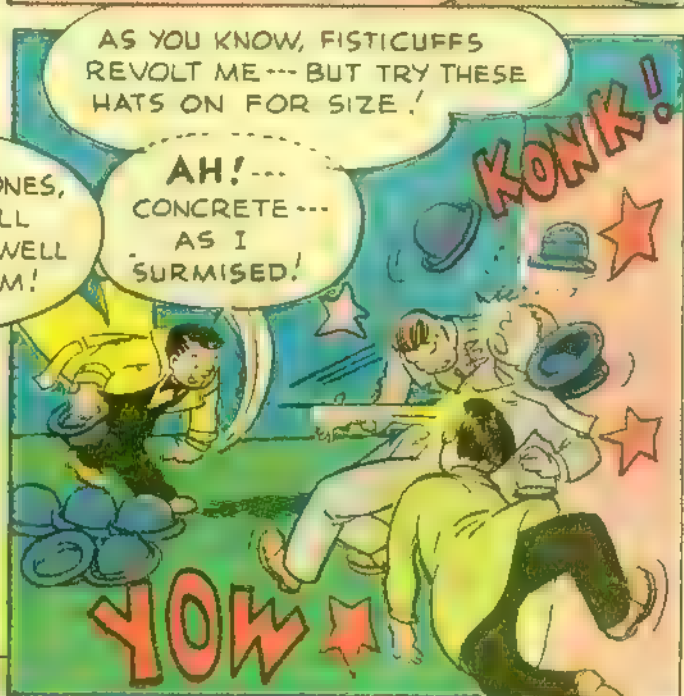
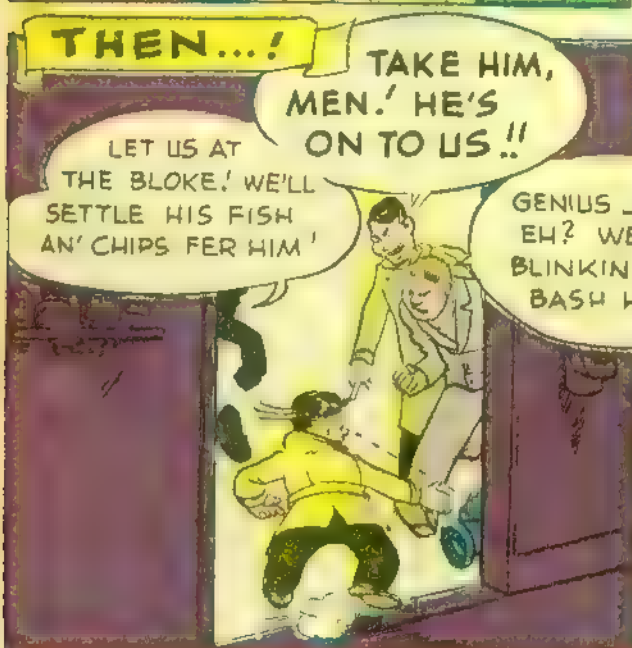
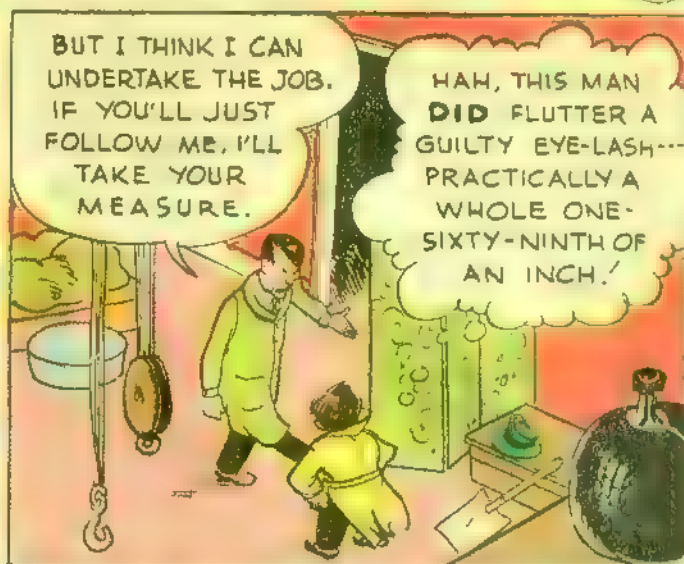
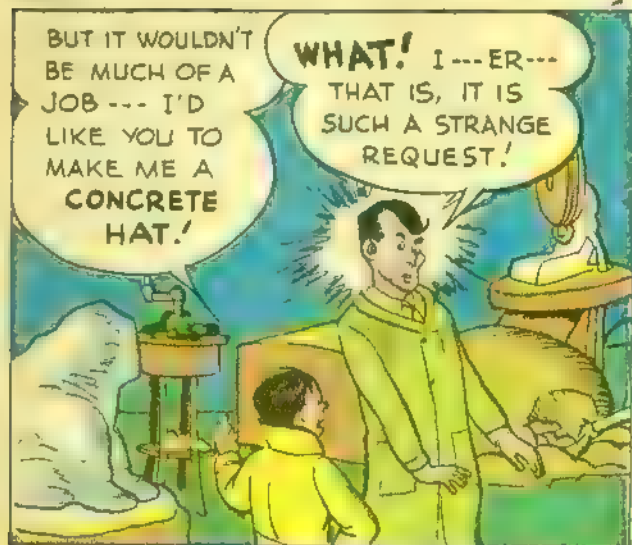
AND NATURALLY THEY GET AWAY.



HMMM... THE CLUB'S SOUND ENOUGH. HMMM... LOOKS LIKE CEMENT HERE IN THE BREAK!

WE NOTICED THAT - PROBABLY JUST FROM THE SIDEWALK, WHEN THE POLICEMAN STUNG HIS HANDS AND DROPPED IT!







LEAVE 'IM 'ERE WHILE WE SPOTS TONIGHT'S JOB! THEN WE'LL THUMP HIM OFF, AS THEY SAY IN HIS COUNTRY!

UMMM... THEY'RE LEAVING THEIR CONCRETE HATS ---AND ALL THE MOULDING APPARATUS IS HERE TOO... HMMM...!

NICE OF THEM TO LEAVE THIS METAL STATUE SO HANDY. NOW TO GET BUSY... AND WHEN THEY RETURN TONIGHT, I'LL PRETEND TO BE STILL TIED!

THE SNOOP OF THE SNOOP

AND THAT NIGHT...

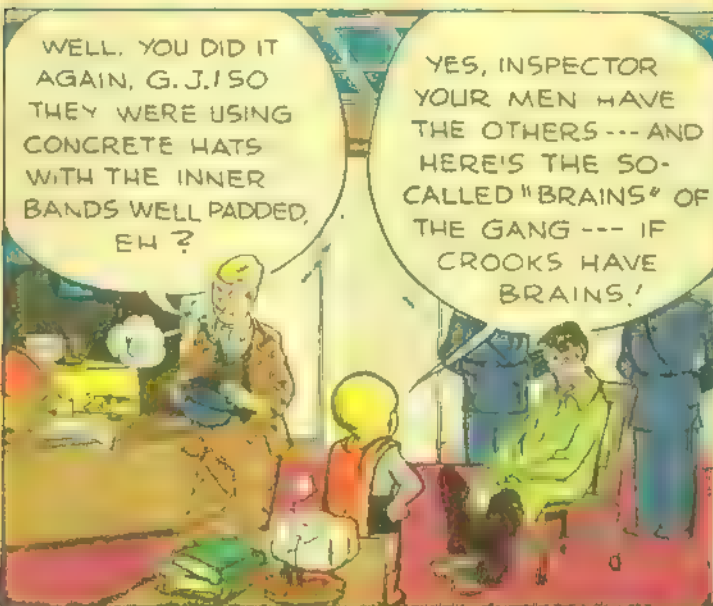
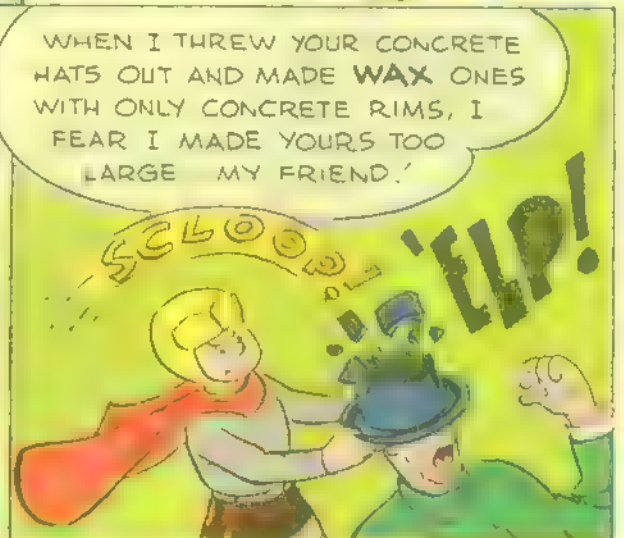
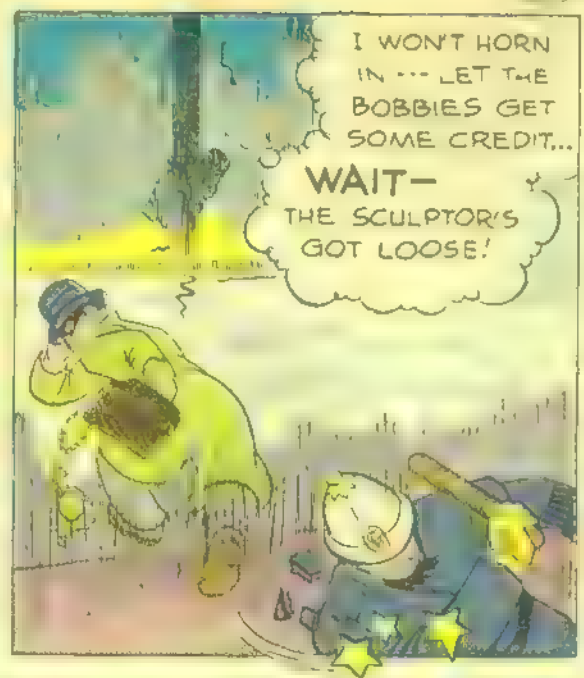
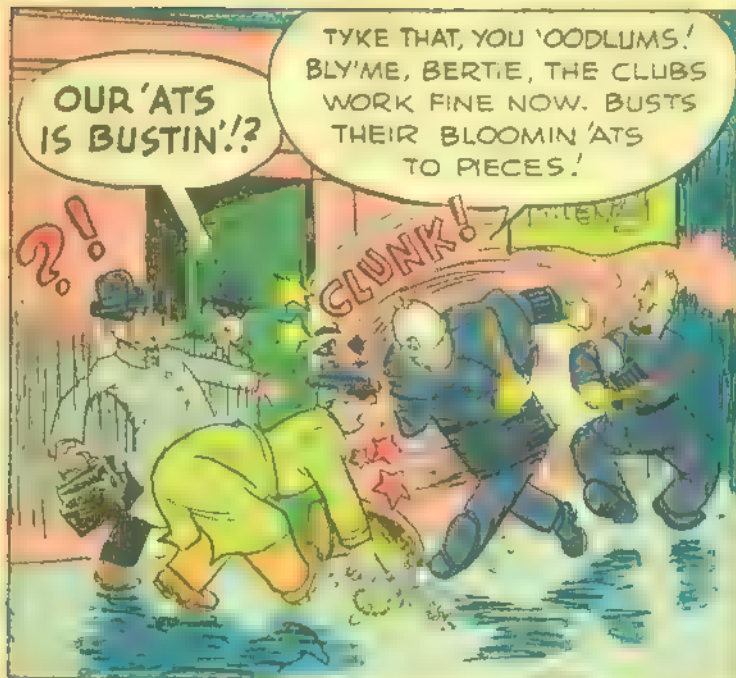
ALL RIGHT, MEN, DON YOUR HATS SO IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG AT FORTHWRIGHTS, WE'LL HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

THEN WE'LL COME BACK AN' DEAL WITH THIS SNOOP!

AH, MY WORK PASSED MUSTER. AND NOW THAT I'VE LEARNED WHERE THEY WILL PLAY THEIR NEFARIOUS BUSINESS, I CAN CALL SCOTLAND YARD!

MINUTES LATER...

GOOD. THE BOBBIES ARE SET TO NAB THEM... AND THIS TIME THEIR CLUBS WON'T BREAK... THANKS TO MY EFFORTS! I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME.



Hey, Gang! Get Yours
GREAT PRIZES!



Swell MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS

One in Every
Package of PEP

FELLOWS and gals! Be sure you don't miss up on these authentic, colorful military insignia and warplane buttons! There's one in every package of your favorite crisp, crunchy cereal—Kellogg's PEP! And are they terrific!

You'll have loads of fun trading them with your gang—just to see who gets a "full set" of 22 different buttons first! Every button is made of real metal—shiny and smart, in actual colors of the regulation army, navy and marine insignia.

It's a cinch to get these grand buttons. Nothing to mail or send in. Just tell Mom to get you a package of PEP, open the package—and there's your button, ready to pin on your sweater, jacket or cap!

And tell Mom how mighty good Kellogg's PEP is for you. Delicious wheat flakes—chock full of whole grain nourishment with added amounts of vitamin B and vitamin D to help you grow into a fellow who's got what it takes! Get your Kellogg's PEP today and get your prize button!

SPECIAL PEP BEANIE



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41st Bombardment Squadron	94th Pursuit Squadron	2nd Bombardment Squadron
	VB 13	VO 3
96th Bombardment Squadron	VB 13	VO 3
17th Bombardment Squadron	34th Bombardment Squadron	56th Bombardment Squadron
99th Bombardment Squadron	27th Fighter Squadron	424th Bombardment Squadron
53rd Bombardment Squadron	Consolidated Vulture B-24 Liberator	Boeing B 29 Superfortress
Republic P 47 Thunderbolt	Lockheed Lightning P 38	44th Fighter Squadron

The SHINING KNIGHT

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE ANCIENT SPLENDOR OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE COMING TO LIFE IN THIS DAY OF SKYSCRAPERS AND GIANT CITIES? WELL, IT DOES... IF ONLY FOR A BRIEF MOMENT! AND WHEN IT RUNS INTO TROUBLE FROM KNAVES OF THE 20TH CENTURY, THAT CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY, THE SHINING KNIGHT, WITH HIS ENCHANTED MAIL AND HIS IRRESISTIBLE FLASHING SWORD, SLASHES THROUGH ALL DANGERS TO RACE TO THE RESCUE ... ONLY TO CONFRONT DEADLY DANGER HIMSELF, AS HE TRIES TO BRING NEW LIFE TO...

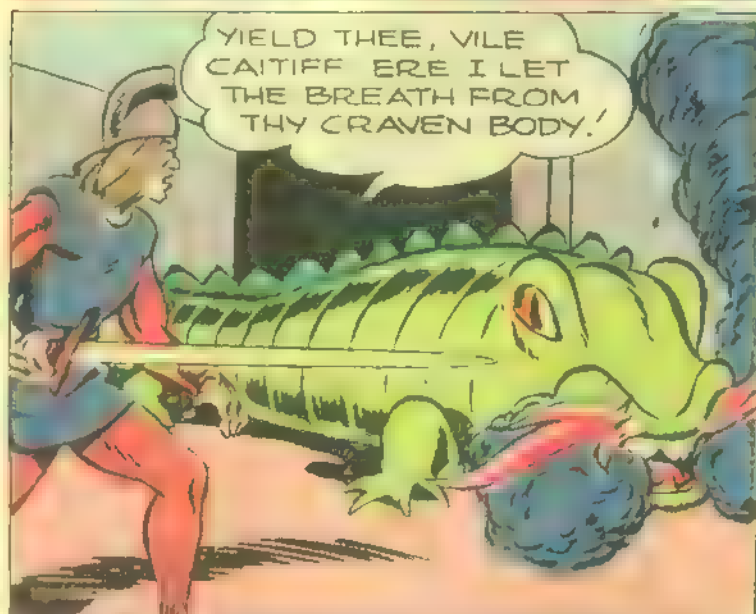
"THE ROYAL REVIVAL!"

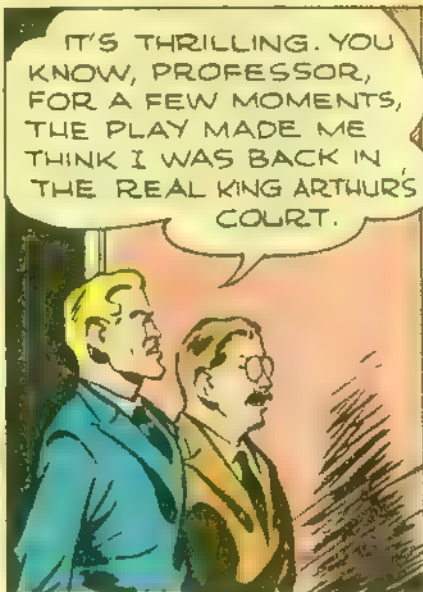
THE TIME... THE ERA OF JETPLANES AND ROBOTS, OF TELEVISION AND A SHRINKING WORLD, THE SCENE... WELL, LOOK FOR YOURSELF.

A BOON, I PRAY THEE, MY LIEGE, KING ARTHUR.

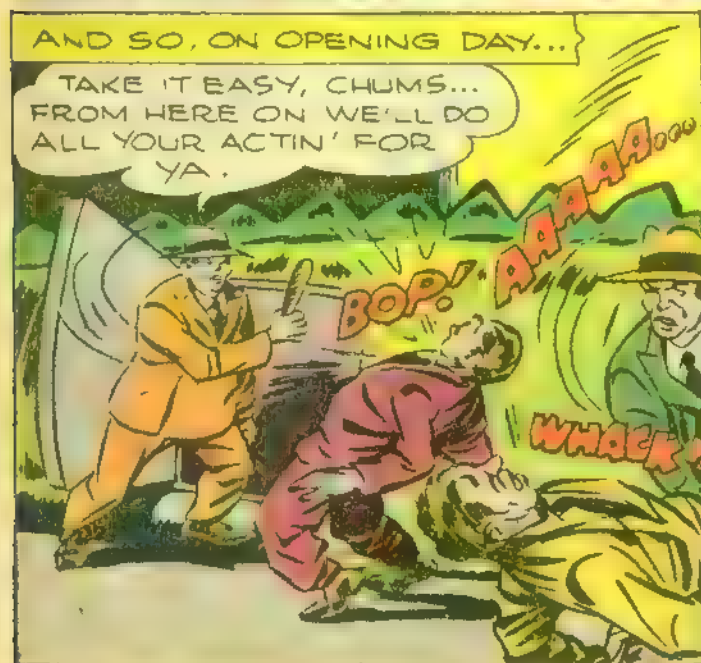
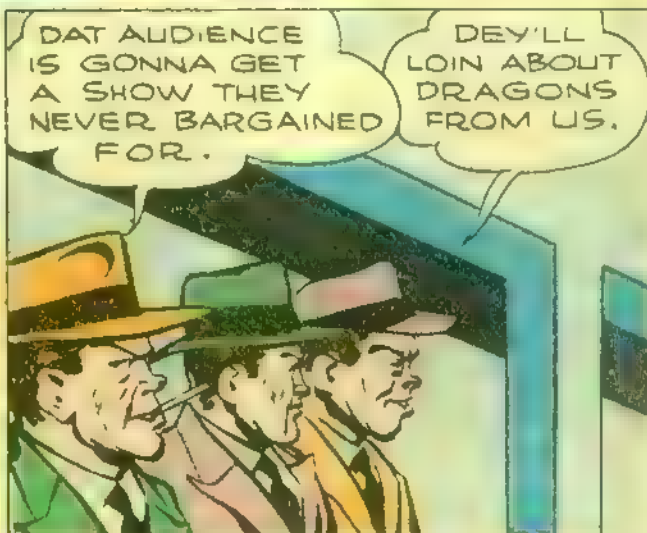
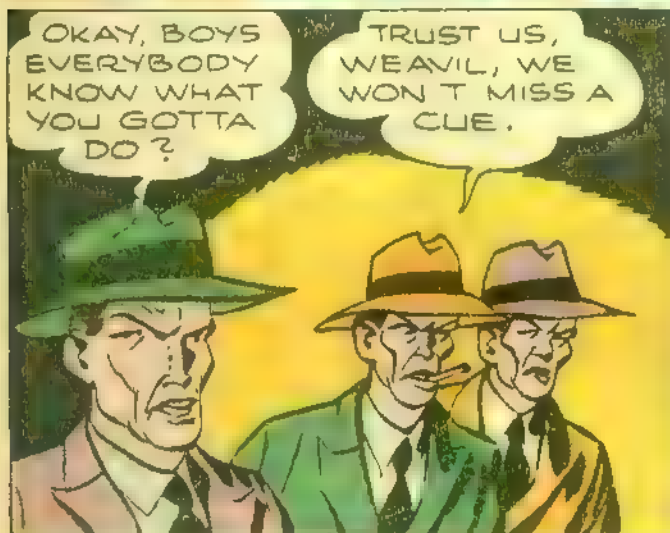
THY BOON IS GRANTED, SIR LANCELOT. SPEAK.







YES, READER, ALL THIS IS TAKING PLACE IN THE MUSEUM WHERE JUSTIN, WHOSE SECRET IDENTITY IS THE SHINING KNIGHT, ASSISTS PROFESSOR MORESBY. MEANWHILE, OTHERS ARE ALSO PREPARING FOR THE PLAY... CHARACTERS MORE SINISTER...



SUDDENLY, THE "DRAGON" GOES BERSERK...

EEEEHHH...
IT'S COMING
AT US!

HELP! LET
ME OUT OF
HERE!



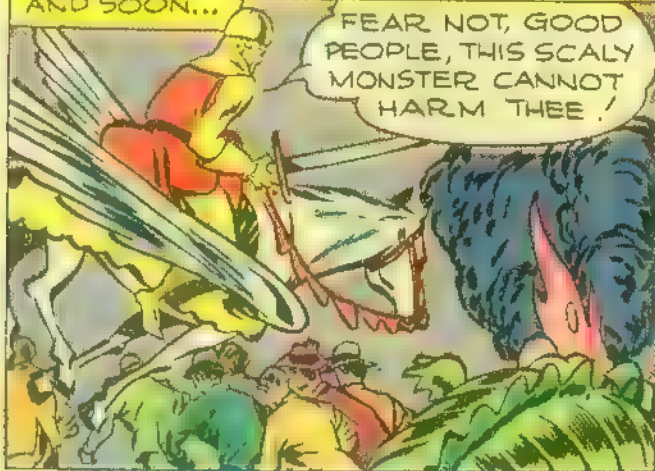
BUT AS PANIC SWEEPS THE VAST
CROWD...

SOMETHING
HAS GONE WRONG WITH
THE DRAGON, AND ONLY
AS THE SHINING KNIGHT
CAN I STILL THE
PEOPLE'S FEAR.



A QUICK DONNING OF ARMOR IN HIS
SECRET RETREAT IN THE MUSEUM,
AND SOON...

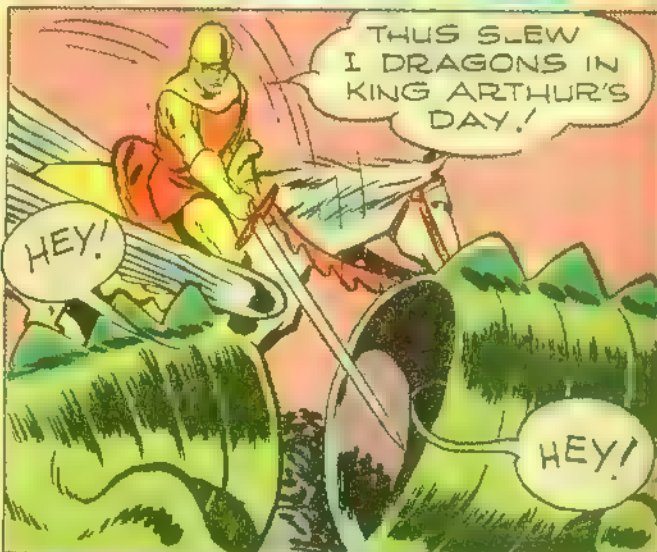
FEAR NOT, GOOD
PEOPLE, THIS SCALY
MONSTER CANNOT
HARM THEE!



THUS SLEW
I DRAGONS IN
KING ARTHUR'S
DAY!

HEY!

HEY!



AH, 'T WAS
THESE LARDED
VARLETS DROVE
THE CREATURE
OUT OF HIS
WITS.

DA
SHININ'
KNIGHT!
WE BETTER
GET MOVIN'!



A GOOD
SHOW... THE
ROGUES ROLL
IN THE AISLES.

BOP!



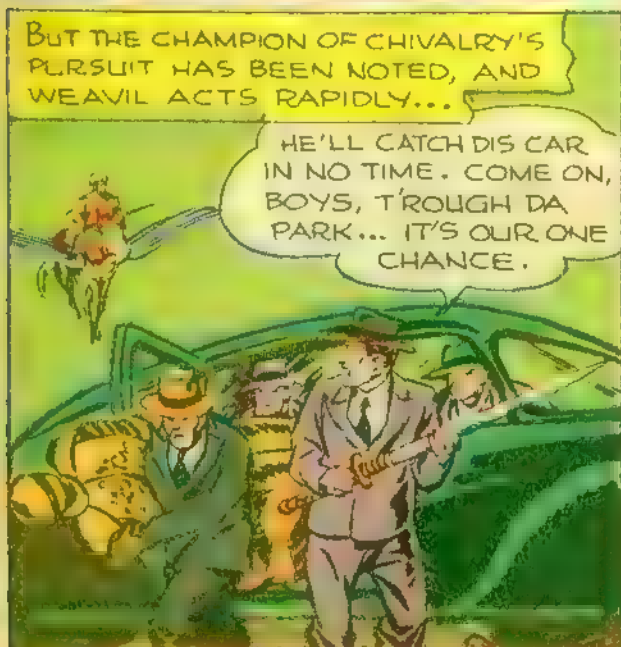
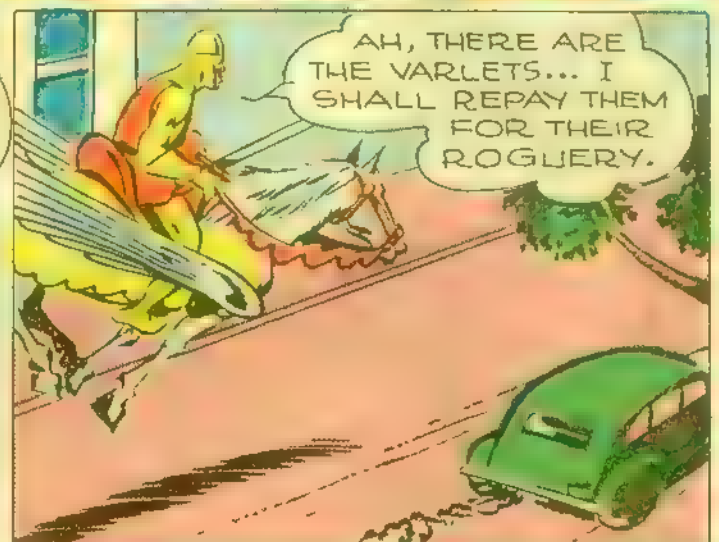
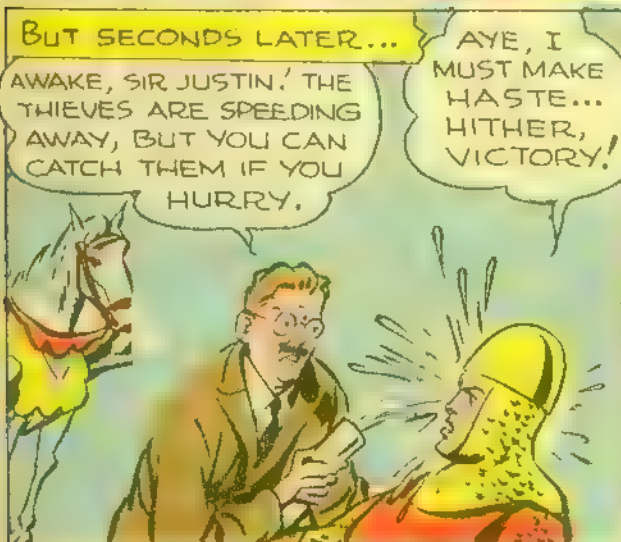
BUT, UNKNOWN TO SIR JUSTIN...

DIS GOLD
ARMOR WID
DA DIAMONDS
ON IT IS WOTH
GOIN' TO SOME
TROUBLE FOR...

YIII...
HELP,
BOSS!

WAIT A
MINUTE,
BOYS... WHAT'S
DAT?







BUT EVEN AFOOT. SIR JUSTIN IS NO LAGGARD. AS HE MOVES ON...

THE BASE CHURLS PILFERED THE VERY ARMOR WE WERE TO HAVE EXHIBITED. I'LL PAY THEM FOR THEIR VILLAINY...



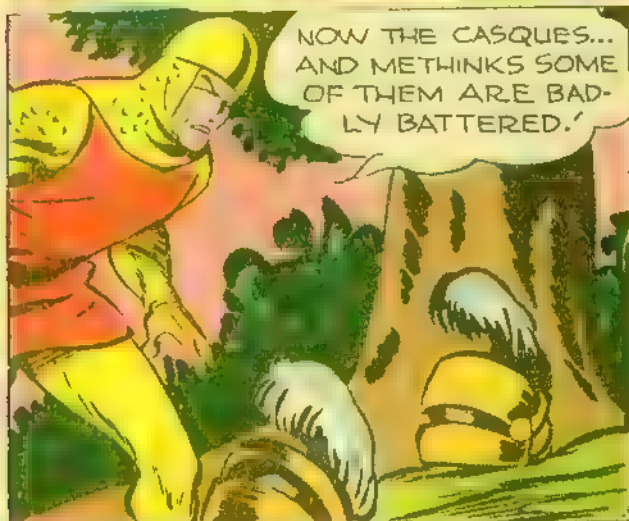
WHA...? THE VILLAINS ARE DISCARDING THEIR LOOT... THEY THINK TO RUN FASTER AND ESCAPE ME THUS.



AND NOW MORE... BUT THEY DO IT PIECEMEAL, THE ROGUES. I MUST TEACH THEM TO TREAT IT MORE GENTLY.



NOW THE CASQUES... AND METHINKS SOME OF THEM ARE BADLY BATTERED.



I CANNOT LEAVE IT HERE TO BE HARMED. I'LL COLLECT IT IN ONE SPOT... AND THEN I'LL BASTE THE VILLAINS TO WITHIN AN INCH OF THEIR WORTHLESS LIVES.



YOU AIN'T TALKIN' ABOUT US, ARE YA, KNIGHT?

AH, HERE ARE THE INSOLENT THIEVES THEMSELVES.

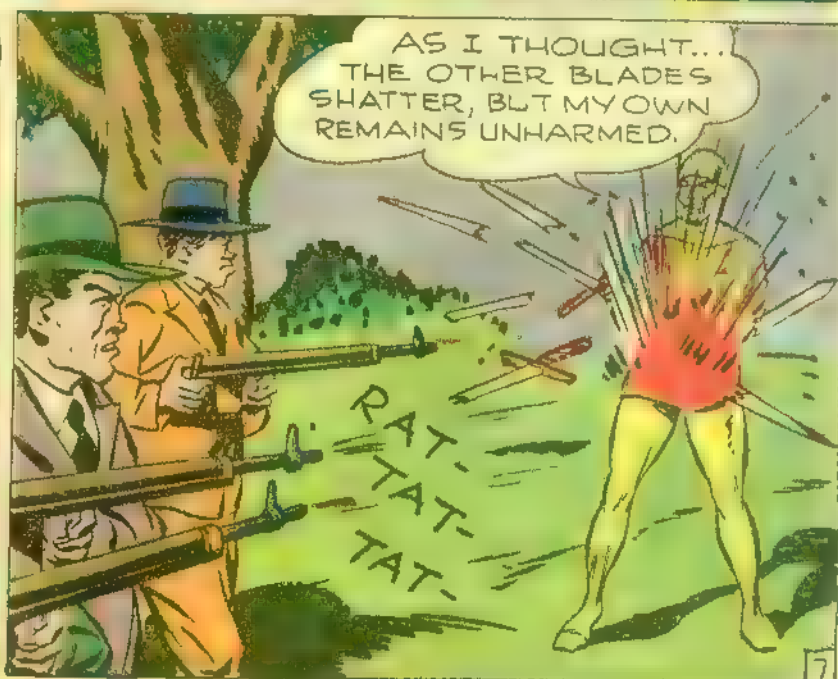
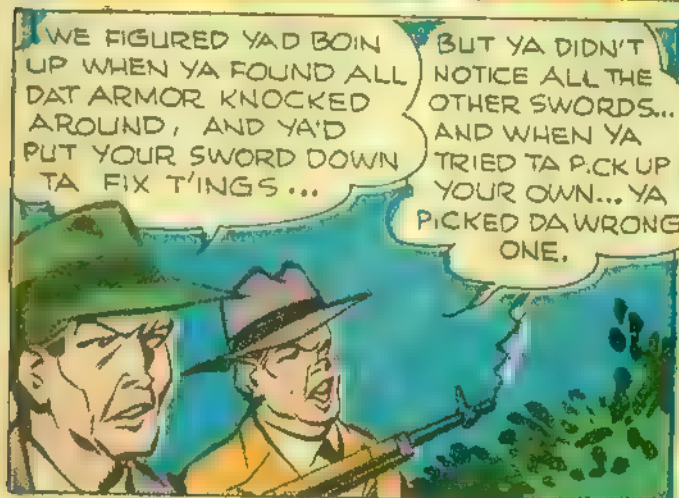


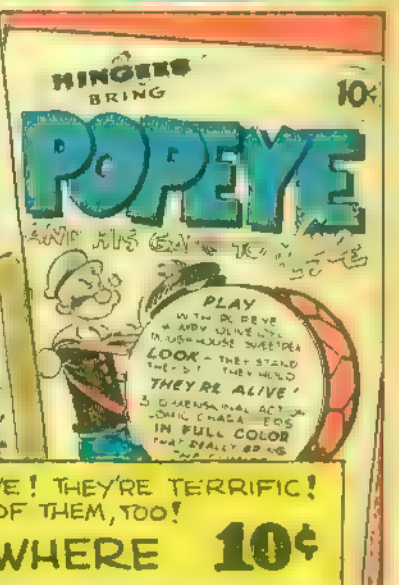
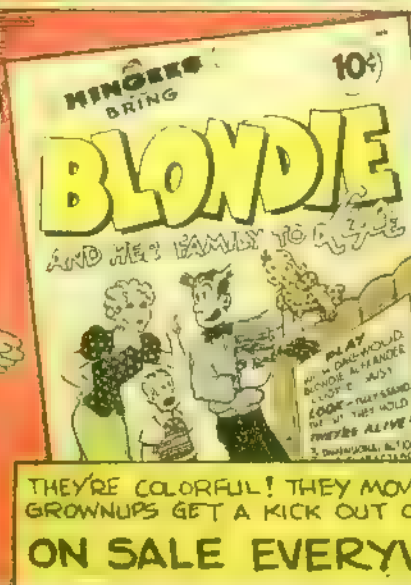
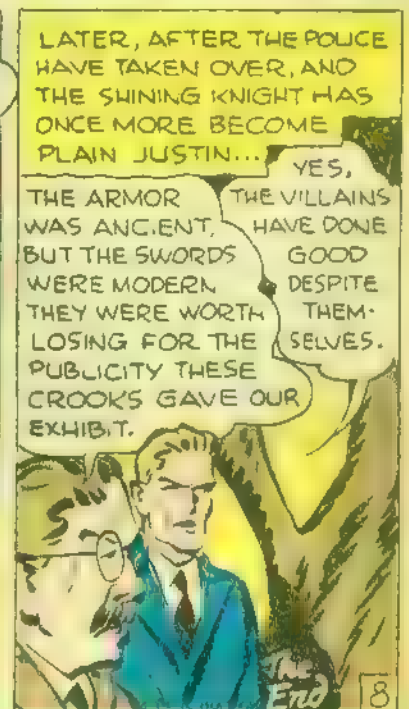
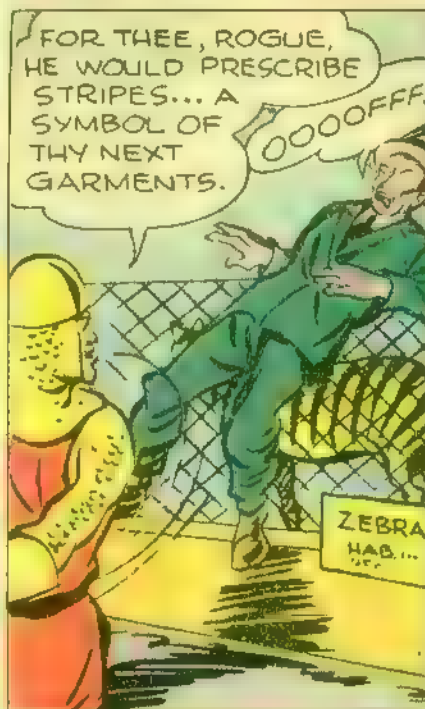
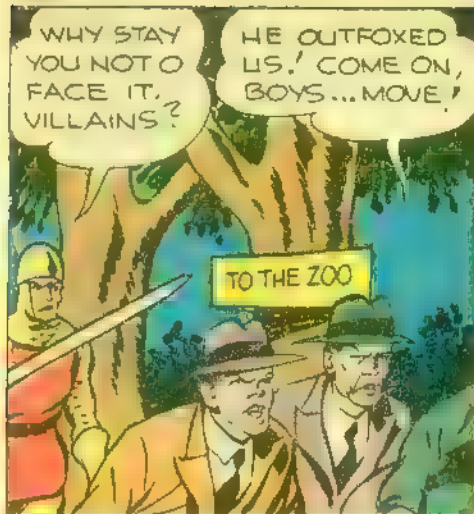
PREPARE TO RECEIVE DUE PUNISHMENT, SCOUNDRELS.

GEE, YOU GOT US SCARED, KNIGHT. I'M ALL SHIVERIN'.

ME TOO, BOSS.








THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC! GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 10¢



STARMAN



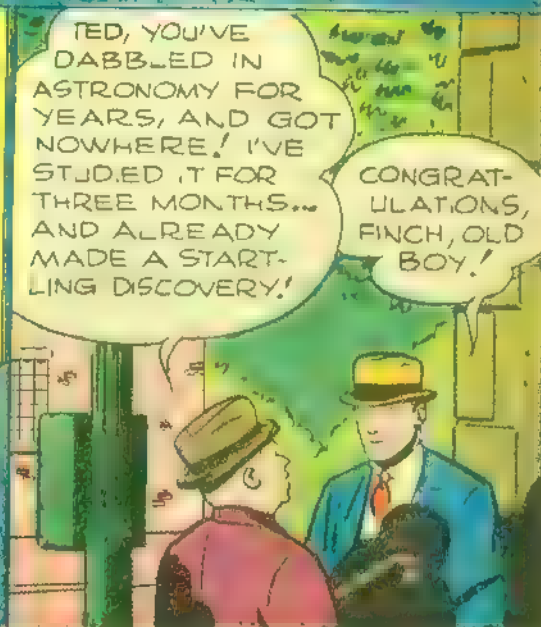
SOMETIMES, SO MANY MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY FROM EARTH AS TO STAGGER THE MIND OF MAN, A STAR IS BORN! BUT THE MEN WHO SCAN THE HEAVENS KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT FOR SUCH MOMENTOUS EVENTS! AND WHEN THEY MISS AN APPARENT NEWCOMER TO THE CELESTIAL SCENE, ONLY TO HAVE A RANK AMATEUR MAKE THE DISCOVERY, STARMAN SUSPECTS SKULLDUGGERY... (AND DANGEROUS SKULLDUGGERY IT TURNS OUT TO BE!)... BEHIND THE...

"LIFE AND DEATH OF A STAR!"

TED KNIGHT, AMATEUR ASTRONOMER, LISTENS MEEKLY TO HIS FRIEND, FINCH... AND LEARNS!

TED, YOU'VE DABBLED IN ASTRONOMY FOR YEARS, AND GOT NOWHERE! I'VE STUDIED IT FOR THREE MONTHS... AND ALREADY MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

CONGRATULATIONS, FINCH, OLD BOY!



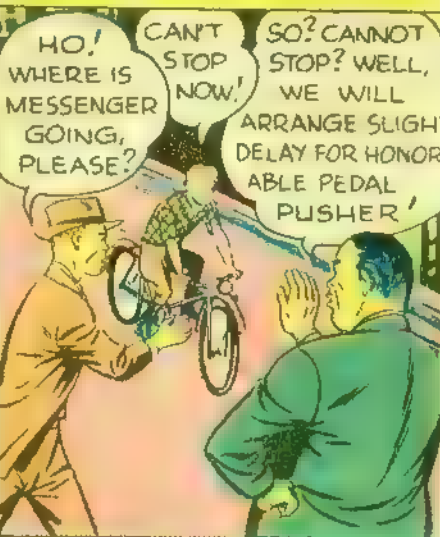
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VOLTO FROM MARS

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JIMMY, VOLUNTEER VACATION-TIME MESSENGER, PEDALS "RUSH" TELEGRAM TO MUNITIONS PLANT..



HO! WHERE IS MESSENGER GOING, PLEASE?

CAN'T STOP NOW!

SO? CANNOT STOP? WELL, WE WILL ARRANGE SLIGHT DELAY FOR HONORABLE PEDAL PUSHER!

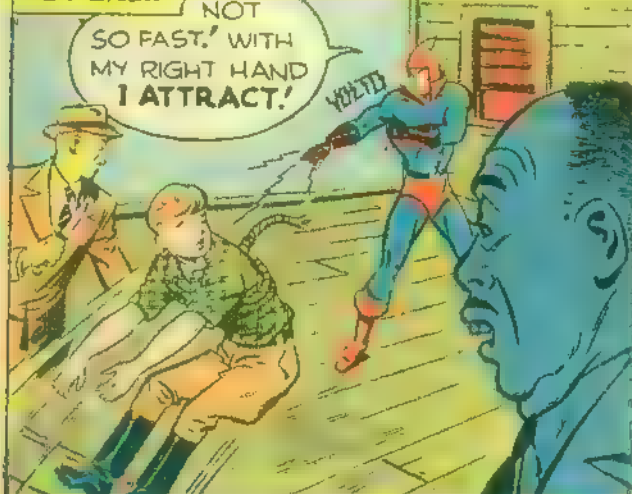
AND SOON, NEARBY IN A DESERTED BUILDING...

YI! WE HAVE DECODED INFORMATION OUR EMPEROR WAITS FOR!

OKAY! WE LEAVE! BUT FIRST, LET US CUT ROPE-SEND MESSENGER TO JOIN HIS ANCESTORS!



SUDDENLY... BEHIND THE TREACHEROUS JAPS, VOLTO APPEARS... CALLS UPON HIS MAGNETIC POWERS...



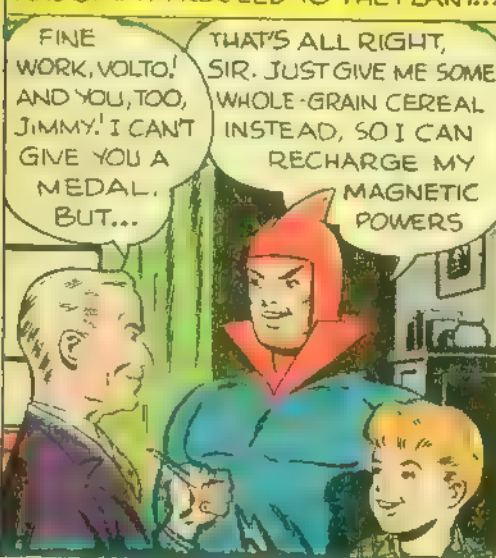
NOT SO FAST! WITH MY RIGHT HAND I ATTRACT!

AND NOW FOR YOU TWO BUMS! MY LEFT HAND REPELS!



WHEW! SCRATCH TWO JAPS!!

WHEN THE G-MEN TAKE OVER, VOLTO AND JIMMY PROCEED TO THE PLANT...



FINE WORK, VOLTO! AND YOU, TOO, JIMMY! I CAN'T GIVE YOU A MEDAL, BUT...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. JUST GIVE ME SOME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL INSTEAD, SO I CAN RECHARGE MY MAGNETIC POWERS

THAT'S EASY! WE KEEP THE WORLD'S BEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL RIGHT HERE AT THE PLANT... GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

MAN! THAT'S THE FINEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH!



NOT JUST ON EARTH, VOLTO. GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES IS THE SWELLEST-TASTING WHOLE GRAIN CEREAL IN THE WHOLE GOSH-DARN UNIVERSE!





AH, GLAD TO SEE YOU AREN'T JEALOUS! FRANKLY, TED, YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE THIS BUT IT'S TRUE...



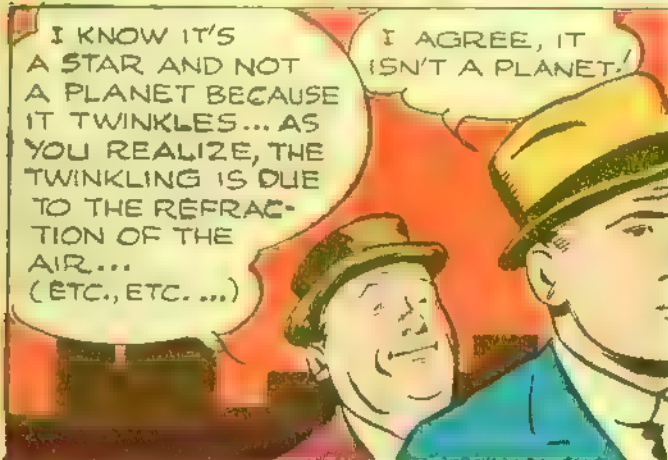
I HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE!

HUH..? WHY, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! ASTRONOMERS LONG AGO DISCOVERED ALL THE STARS AS BRIGHT AS THAT!



THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK! BUT THIS STAR ISN'T LISTED IN ANY OF THEIR CATALOGUES! IT'S ABSOLUTELY NEW... NEVER NOTICED BY ANYONE BEFORE

GREAT SCOTT, YOU'RE RIGHT! I NEVER DID SEE IT BEFORE!

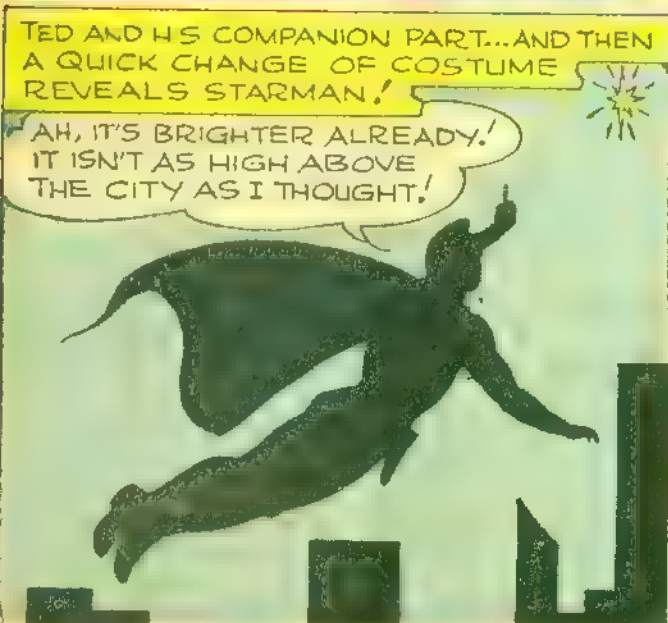


I KNOW IT'S A STAR AND NOT A PLANET BECAUSE IT TWINKLES... AS YOU REALIZE, THE TWINKLING IS DUE TO THE REFRACTION OF THE AIR... (ETC., ETC. ...)

I AGREE, IT ISN'T A PLANET!

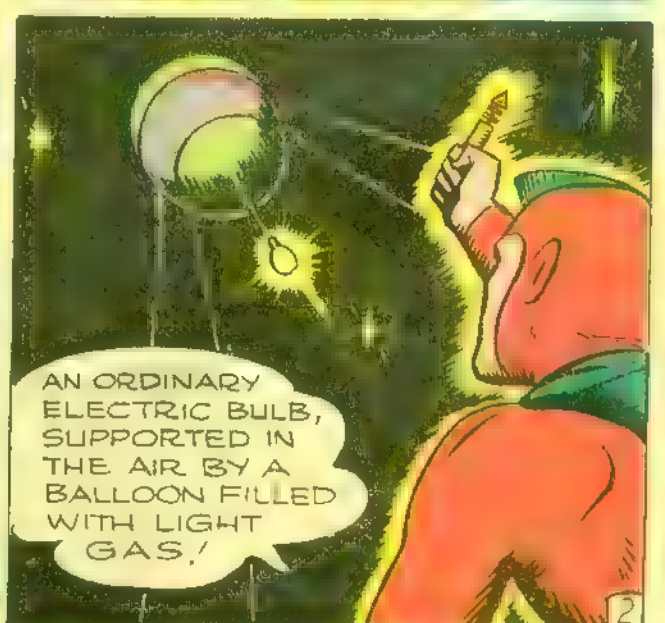


BUT IT ISN'T A STAR, EITHER! THAT LIGHT UP THERE ISN'T TWINKLING... IT'S MERELY GOING ON AND OFF! THIS CALLS FOR INVESTIGATION!



TED AND HIS COMPANION PART...AND THEN A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME REVEALS STARMAN!

AH, IT'S BRIGHTER ALREADY! IT ISN'T AS HIGH ABOVE THE CITY AS I THOUGHT!



AN ORDINARY ELECTRIC BULB, SUPPORTED IN THE AIR BY A BALLOON FILLED WITH LIGHT GAS!

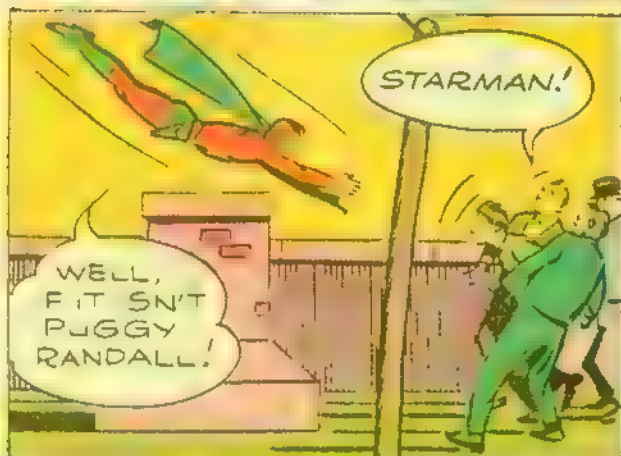


THE BULB GOES ON AND OFF... OBVIOUSLY SIGNALING! I'M CURIOUS TO SEE WHO'S OPERATING IT!



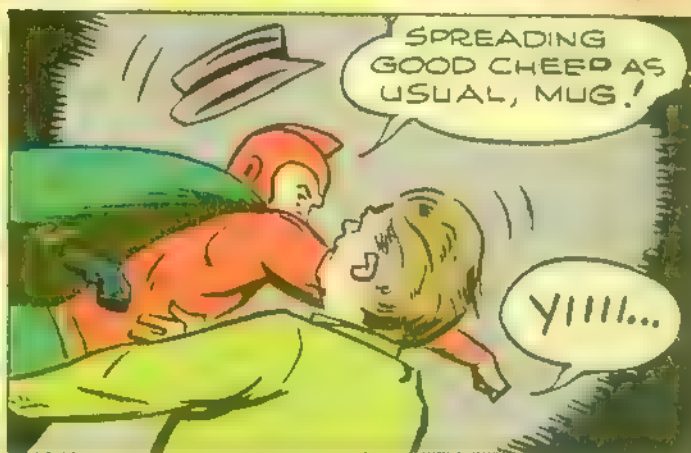
DAT'S DA WHOLE MESSAGE! GUESS DEY OUGHTTA BE SET BY NOW!

THOSE FACES LOOK FAMILIAR!



STARMAN!

WELL, F IT SNT PUGGY RANDALL!



SPREADING GOOD CHEED AS USUAL, MUG!

YIIII...



EEEEHHH!

HOW ABOUT EXPLORING THIS CHIMNEY FOR SANTA CLAUS?



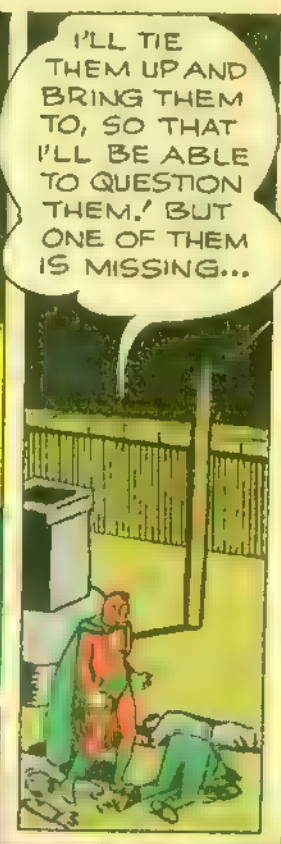
NOW, BOYS, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?



A ROOF IS NO RACE TRACK! TAKE IT EASY!

ARGH...

BOP!



I'LL TIE THEM UP AND BRING THEM TO, SO THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO QUESTION THEM! BUT ONE OF THEM IS MISSING...

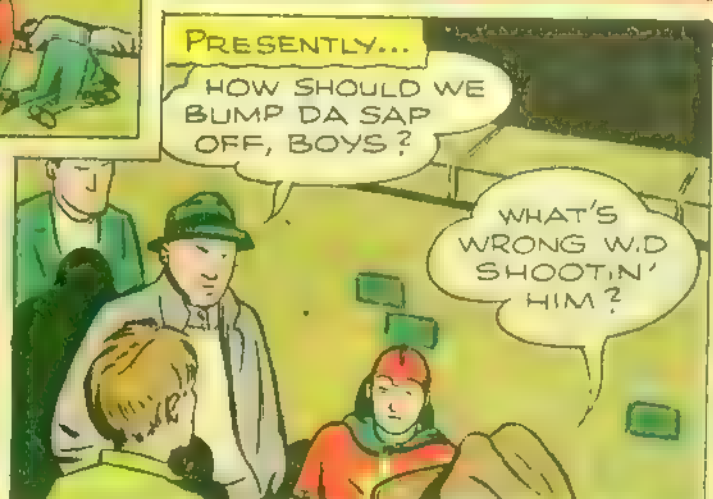


NO, I AIN'T, STARMAN! I'M ALL HERE... WHICH IS MORE DAN YOU ARE!

SOCK!



DAT SOOT IN DA CHIMNEY BLACKED ME ALL UP LIKE A COMMANDO... TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T SEE ME!



PRESENTLY...

HOW SHOULD WE BUMP DA SAP OFF, BOYS?

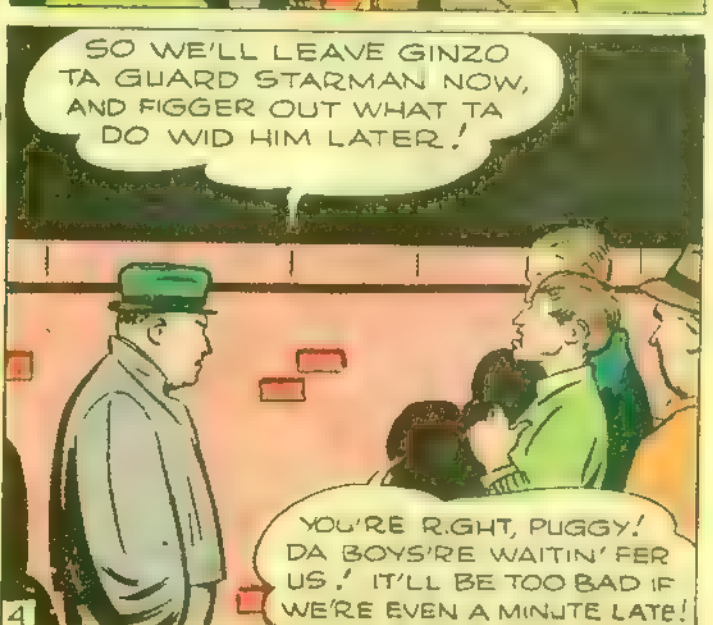
WHAT'S WRONG WID SHOOTIN' HIM?



NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT THE POLICE WILL HEAR THE SHOT! THEY KNOW I'VE COME TO INVESTIGATE!

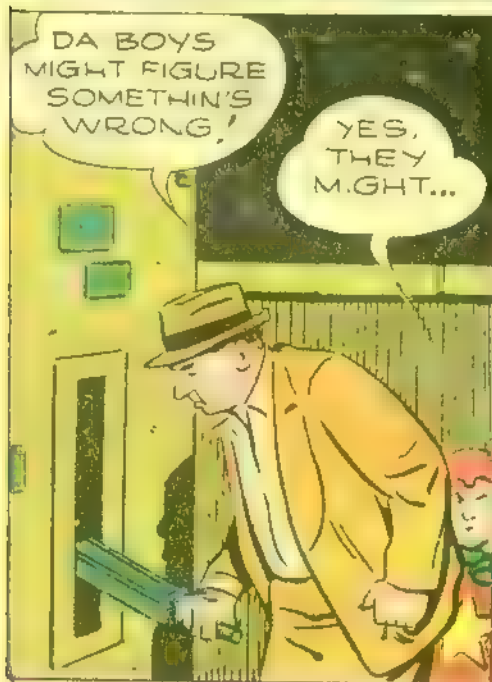
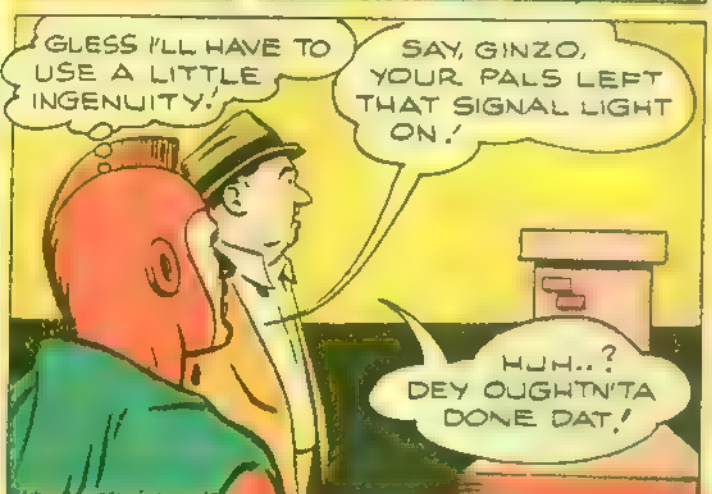
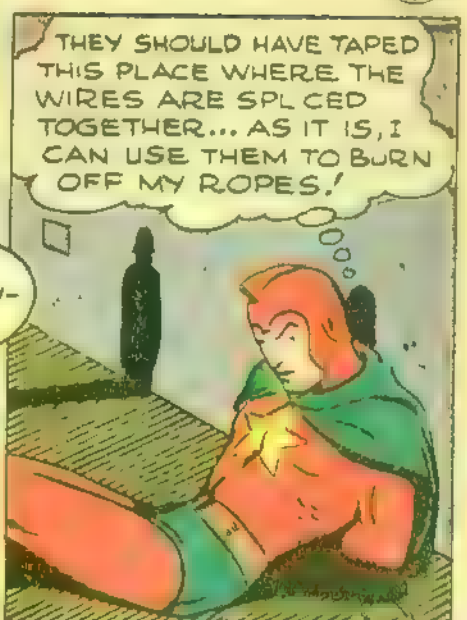
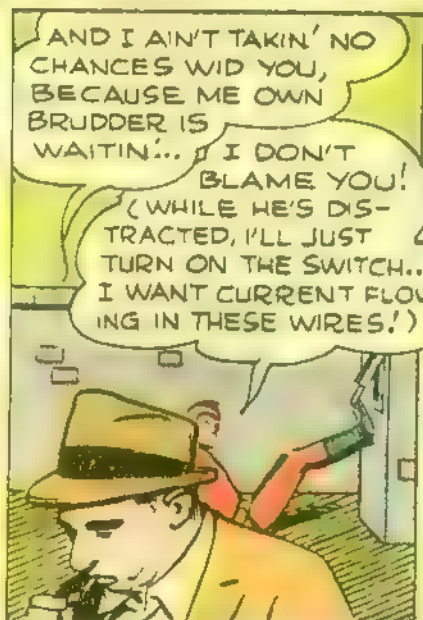
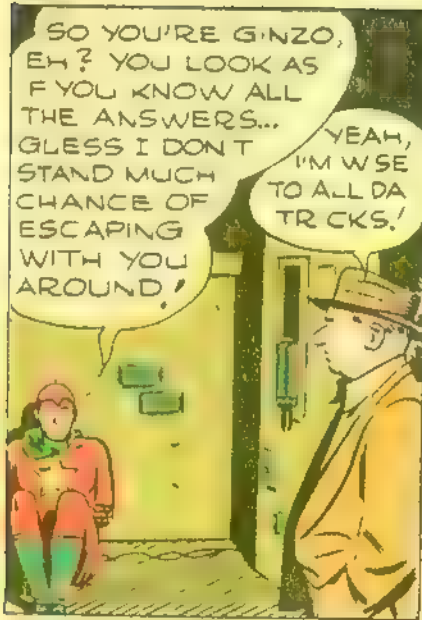
I DON'T BELIEVE IT... D'S MUST BE JUST A STALL! BUT WE CAN'T BE SURE NOW...

HEY, IF DEY'RE WISE...



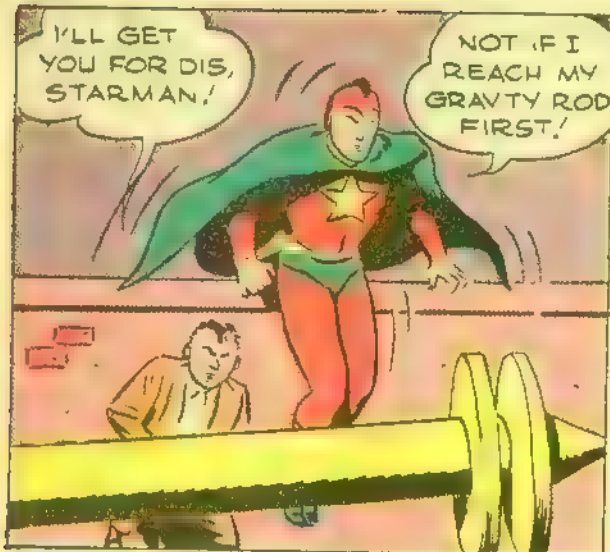
SO WE'LL LEAVE GINZO TA GUARD STARMAN NOW, AND FIGGER OUT WHAT TA DO WID HIM LATER!

YOU'RE R.IGHT, PUGGY! DA BOYS'RE WAITIN' FER US! IT'LL BE TOO BAD IF WE'RE EVEN A MINUTE LATE!



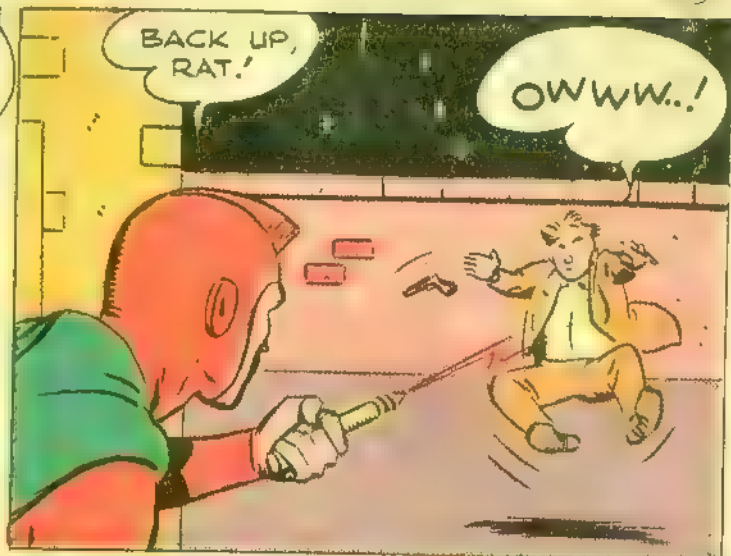


ADVENTURE COMICS



I'LL GET YOU FOR DIS, STARMAN!

NOT IF I REACH MY GRAVITY ROD FIRST!



BACK UP, RAT!

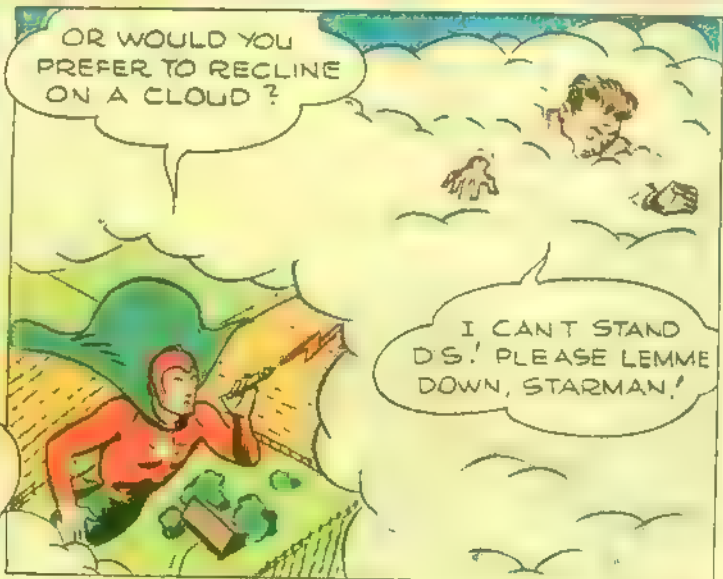
OWWW..!



THE ASTRAL AVENGER'S QUICK FINGERS LOOSEN THE BONDS AROUND HIS ANKLES, AND THEN...

EEEEHHH... LEMME DOWN!

I'M AFRAID THE LANDING MIGHT BE A BIT PAINFUL, GINZO! BETTER FLOAT ON AIR FOR A WHILE!



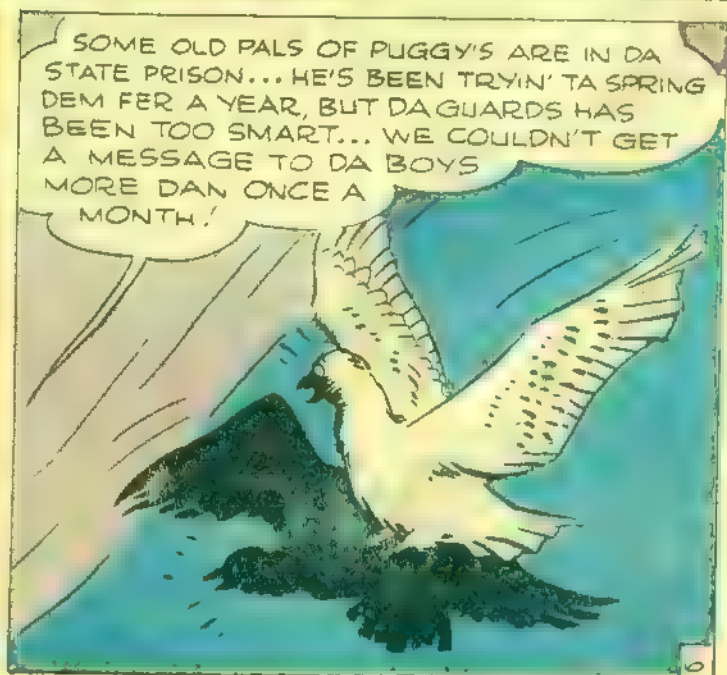
OR WOULD YOU PREFER TO RECLINE ON A CLOUD?

I CAN'T STAND D'S! PLEASE LEMME DOWN, STARMAN!

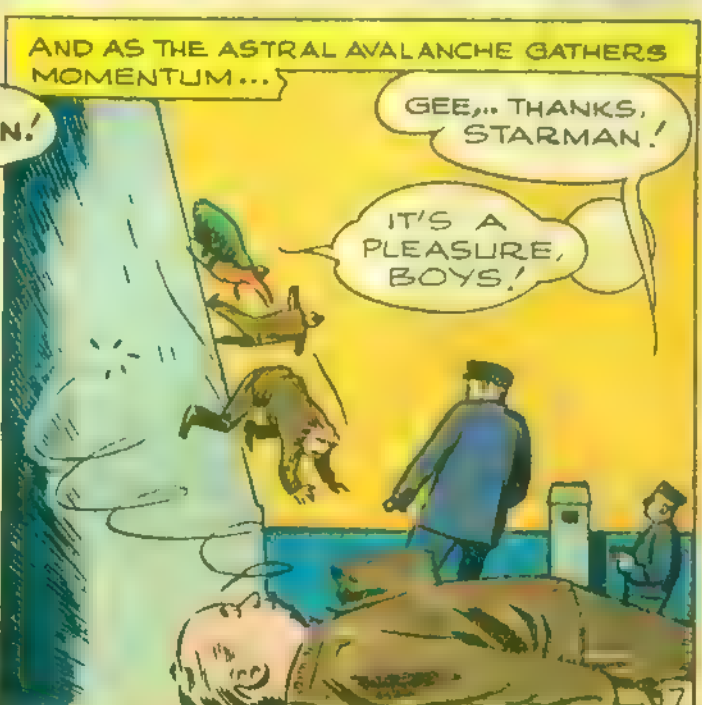
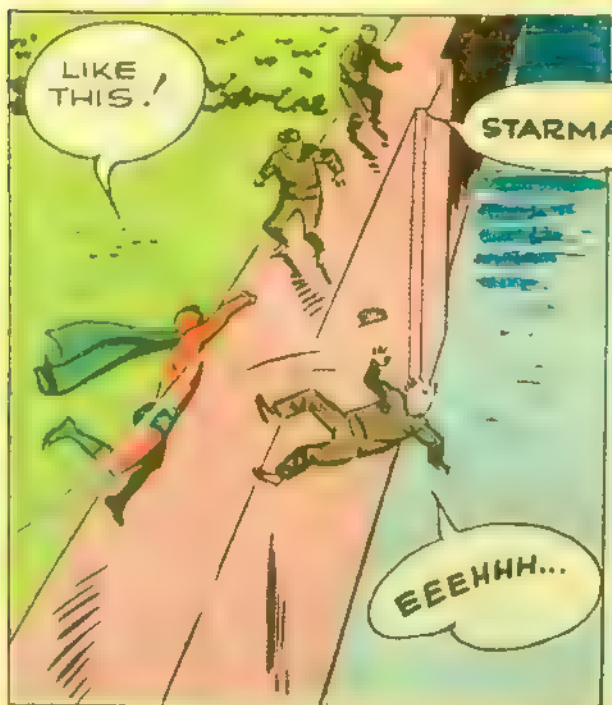
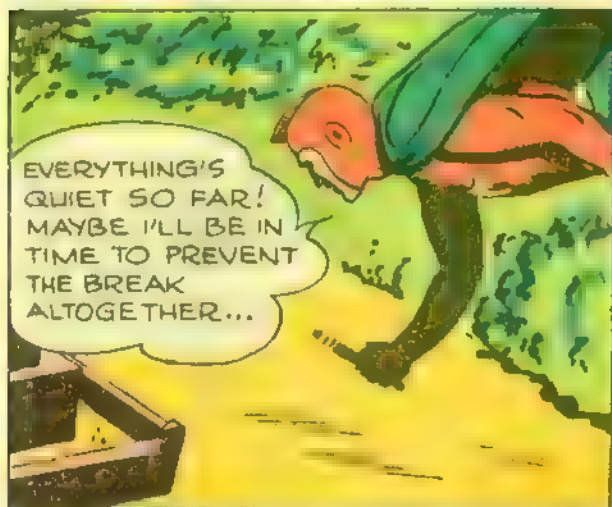


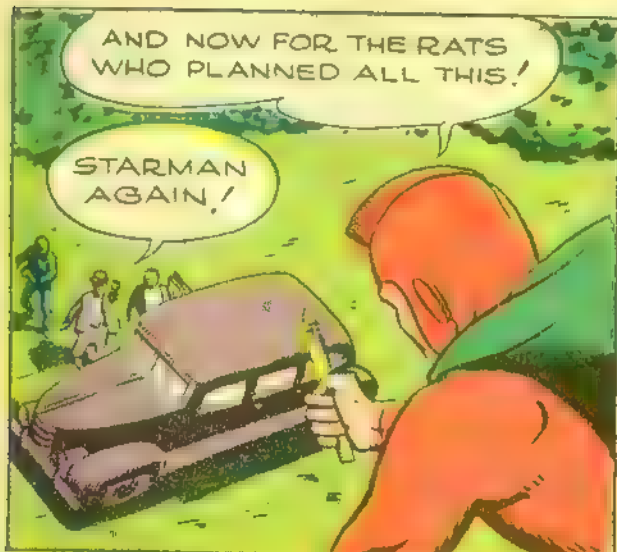
WHY, I'LL BE GLAD TO... THE MINUTE YOU TELL ME ALL ABOUT WHATEVER YOUR PALS ARE PLANNING!

OKAY, I'LL TALK!



SOME OLD PALS OF PUGGY'S ARE IN DA STATE PRISON... HE'S BEEN TRYIN' TA SPRING DEM FER A YEAR, BUT DA GUARDS HAS BEEN TOO SMART... WE COULDN'T GET A MESSAGE TO DA BOYS MORE DAN ONCE A MONTH!





AND NOW FOR THE RATS WHO PLANNED ALL THIS!

STARMAN AGAIN!



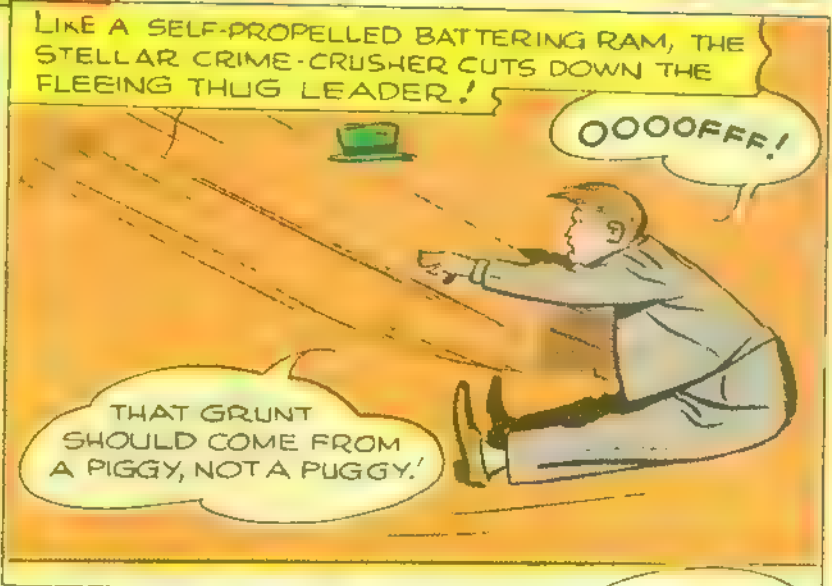
AIM'S A BIT LOW, BOYS!

RAT-TAT-TAT!



MAY AS WELL SAVE THOSE BULLETS!

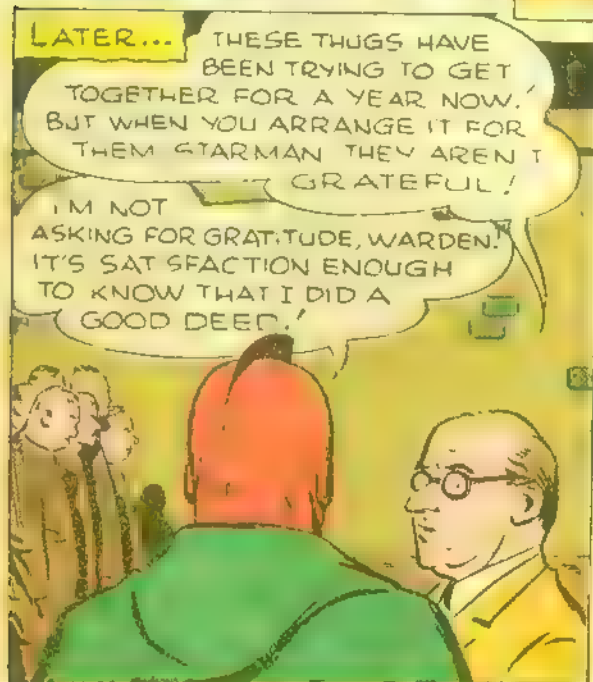
YEEEOOWW!



LIKE A SELF-PROPELLED BATTERING RAM, THE STELLAR CRIME-CRUSHER CUTS DOWN THE FLEEING THUG LEADER!

OOOOFFF!

THAT GRUNT SHOULD COME FROM A PIGGY, NOT A PUGGY!



LATER...

THESE THUGS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO GET TOGETHER FOR A YEAR NOW. BUT WHEN YOU ARRANGE IT FOR THEM STARMAN THEY AREN'T GRATEFUL!

I'M NOT ASKING FOR GRATITUDE, WARDEN. IT'S SATISFACTION ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT I DID A GOOD DEED.



AND A BIT LATER STILL...

LUCKY I DIDN'T SEND A REPORT TO THE ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY, TED! THAT STAR I DISCOVERED SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED! NOW I CAN'T EVEN PROVE THAT IT EVER EXISTED!

TOO BAD, OLD MAN! BUT KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR ANY MORE NEW STARS... AND LET ME KNOW IF YOU SEE THEM!

YOUR COACH:

Bernie Bierman



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LIGHTS OUT

by Eddie Bell

THERE were two furrows on Sergeant Mulray's forehead, and time hadn't put them there. Two other factors, both of them very much human, were responsible. They followed him sheepishly into the office of Captain Cartridge.

When the Sarge saluted, Dillon and Dibble did likewise. Then they stood at ease. Ill at ease. The reason for this was the sudden cloud which swooped across Cartridge's face when he saw his visitors. Inwardly, Cartridge groaned.

"What have they been doing now, Sergeant?"

"It's the bridge, Sir," Mulray said, "the one we took about a week ago. These two here took it over again."

Cartridge blinked, disbelief chased the black cloud from his reddened visage. "You mean we've lost the bridge. And these two men, singlehandedly, took it over?" He got to his feet, reached for his pistol which was hanging by its belt on a hook. "Why didn't someone tell me we were in an action?"

Mulray, embarrassed, said: "It wasn't a military action, Sir." He glowered at Dillon and Dibble. "But it'll be cause for military action."

The Captain sat down.

Mulray explained: "They took over the bridge, all right, Sir. They were charging the natives a toll to cross it!"

"That isn't so, Sir," Dillon cut in. He was small and dapper.

"No, Sir. We were only trying to save their pennies for them to buy bonds with. If you'll just ask them . . ."

Captain Cartridge stared stonily at the pair for a long, ominous moment. Then, when

he spoke, it was to Sergeant Mulray:

"Like yourself, Sergeant, I have put up with the antics of these two super-salesmen from Fort Belvoir long enough. I have seen them trying to sell stoves to people in tropical countries, I have seen them selling things no one could believe they'd sell. This is the last straw. . . ."

Cartridge's big fist thumped the desk. "You men had better have an explanation ready for the courts-martial board tomorrow. Dismissed."

"Just a moment, Captain."

No one had noticed the Major standing in the door, watching. As a matter of fact, he had been watching Dillon and Dibble longer than they knew. Captain Cartridge had thought maybe psychiatry could cure his super-salesmen and, as a result, had communicated this desire to Major Windham.

Both Dillon and Dibble grinned when they saw the Major. A warning glower from Mulray wiped the grin away. Mulray had no patience with this new-fangled stuff. They hadn't had any psychiatrists around in his day—some thirty years ago.

The Major strode easily to the desk. "I'm sure these men didn't mean any harm, Captain," he said. "And I'm quite sure they are being honest about their intentions." His keen blue eyes studied the men. "You really were trying a War Bond Drive of your own, weren't you?"

Without hesitation and as one man came the answer.

"Yes, Sir." It was loud and clear.

"You men just didn't understand, did you?"

"No, Sir."

"And you won't let it happen again?"

"No, Sir," said Dibble. "I won't sell another thing."

"Me, neither," added Dillon. "Sir."

The Major looked at the Captain, who shrugged his shoulders resignedly, and looked at the Sergeant. Mulray just glowered. "Okay, Sergeant, do what you will with them," the Captain said.

When the men had retired, Cartridge turned to Major Windham. "Jeff, I can't figure you out." He held up a hand. "I would certainly have laid it on those two. If ever I saw a racket worked, it was by them. Imagine charging the natives a toll." He fumed a moment. "And then blandly telling the Sergeant they were teaching the natives to put pennies away to buy bonds."

Windham smiled. "Ted, you got them all wrong. They are really on the way to being cured."

"Cured!" It was like a trench mortar exploding. "You'll never cure them unless they go into a jail for a while. And they'd surely have gone had you not stepped in. I'm telling you."

"No," Windham said patiently. "Let me tell you. I've noticed a change in those boys. They're not selling anymore. They are in a stage we might describe as honest enterprise. As soon as they get out of that stage, your worries are over. They'll be as sane as the rest of them." Blue eyes twinkled.

"Look, Captain, they're good soldiers. You know that. They have been in a lot of fighting and come through just like the rest."

(Continued on inside back cover)

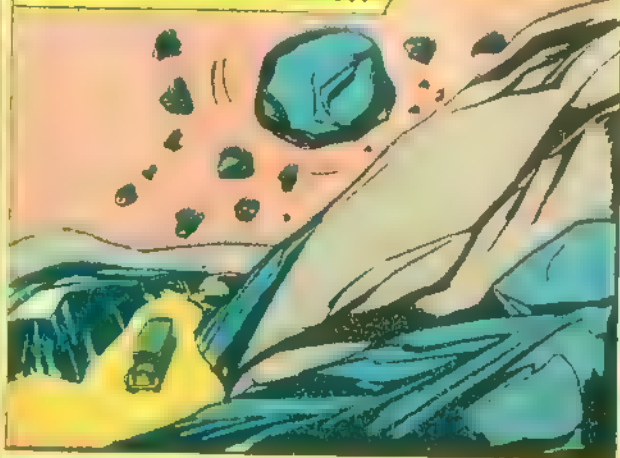


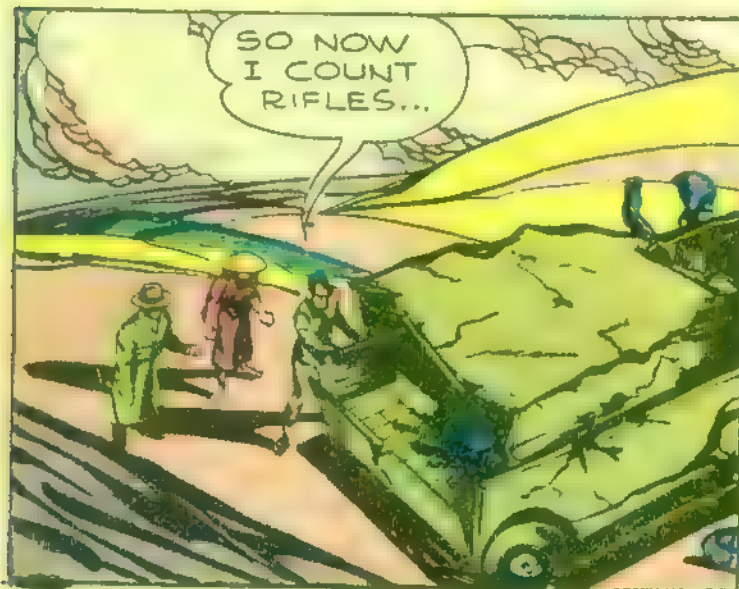
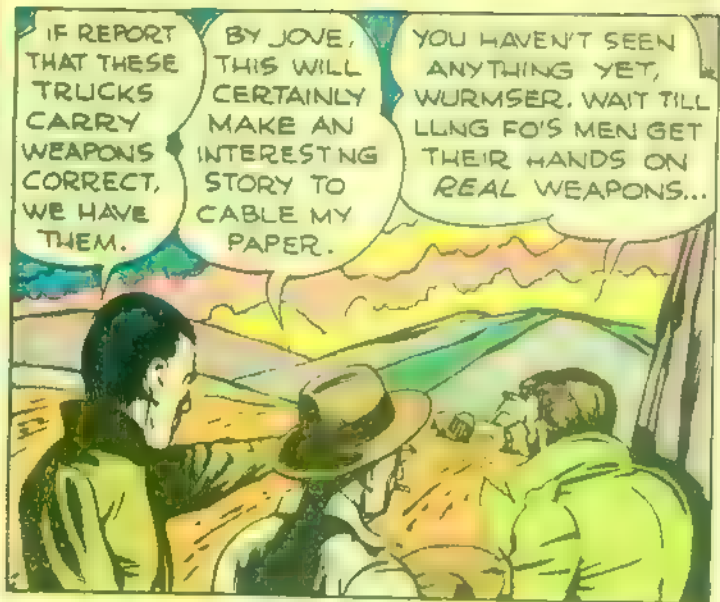
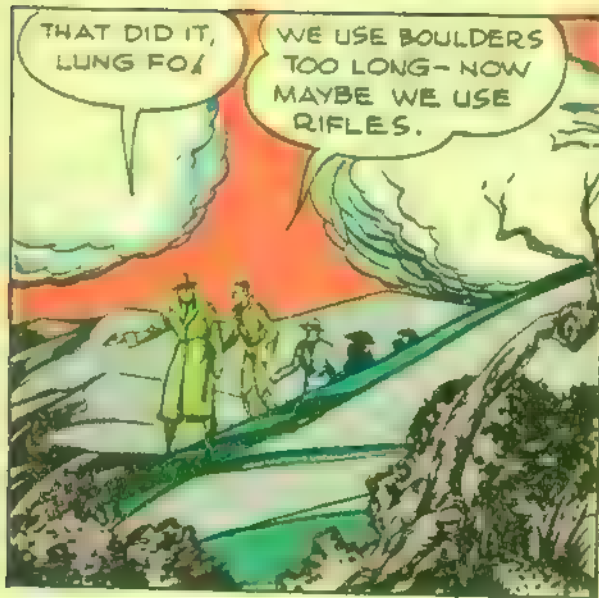
MIKE GIBBS GUERRILLA

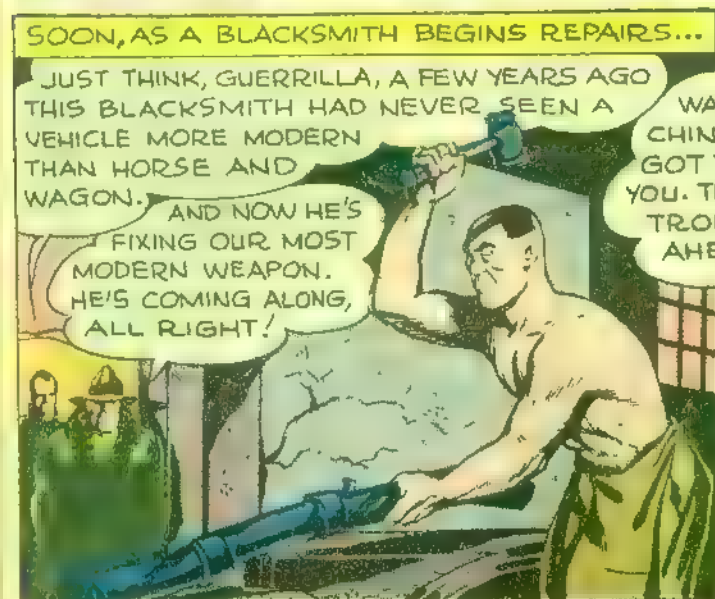
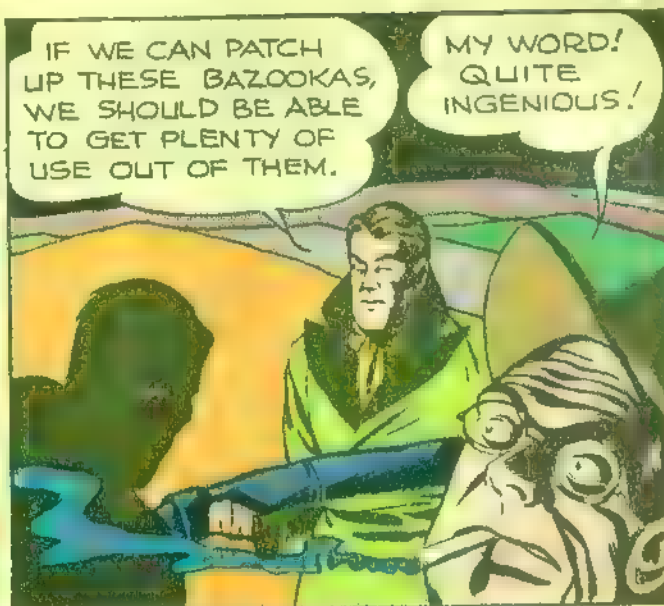
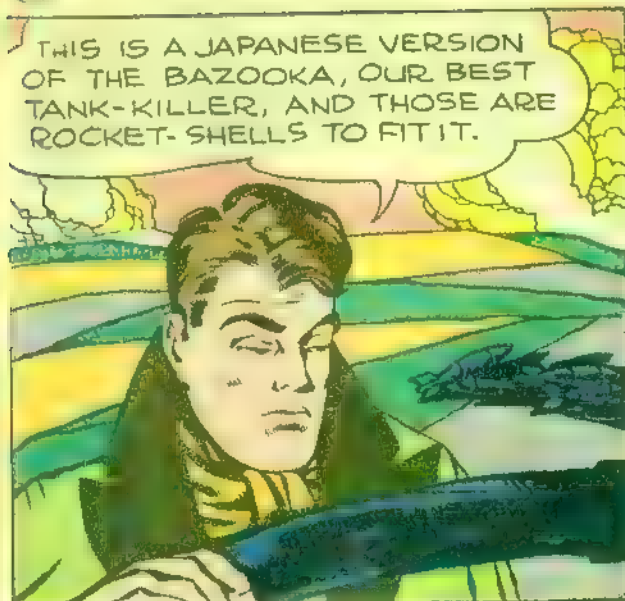


YEAR AFTER YEAR
THE MIKADOMEN HAVE
CONDUCTED A SYMPHONY
OF SORROW AMONG THE UN-
HAPPY CHINESE. BUT THE
TUNE IS CHANG NG. AS
AMERICANS AND CHINESE
LEARN TO FIGHT IN UNISON, A
NEW NOTE OF HOPE ARISES...
AND WE HEAR NOW A CHEER-
FUL OBLIGATO PLAYED BY
GUERRILLA AND CALLED...

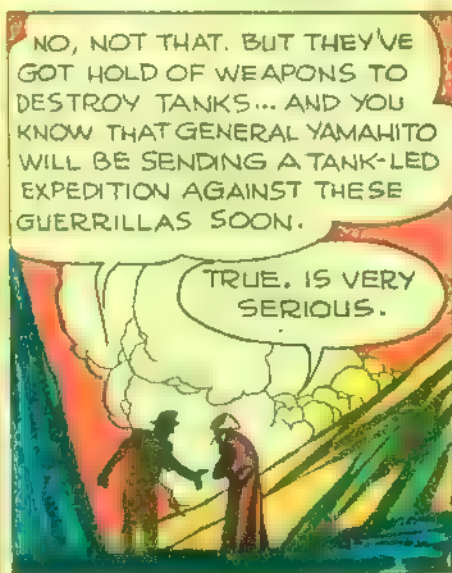
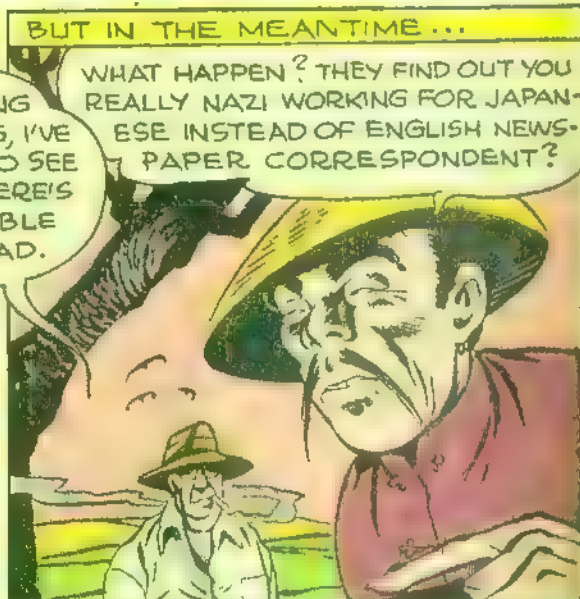
IN THE RUGGED CHINESE COUNTRYS DE, NOT
FAR FROM THE COAST, A SUDDEN AVALANCHE
SWEEPS DOWNWARD...





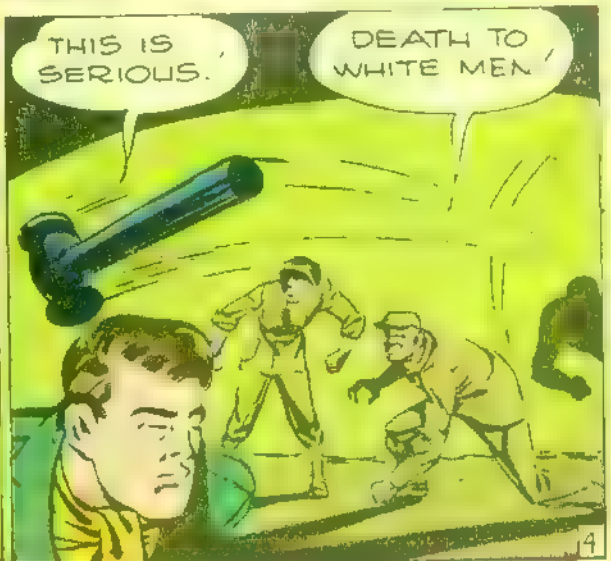


WANG CHING, I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU. THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD.





YES, IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO SET PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT GROUPS TO HATING EACH OTHER, ESPECIALLY WHERE THEY DON'T REALLY KNOW EACH OTHER...





WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS, BEFORE YOU LOSE YOUR HEADS...

DO NOT LISTEN TO HIM. HE WHITE MAN TOO...



NEVER MIND MY COLOR, WANG CHING... THEY'LL LISTEN.

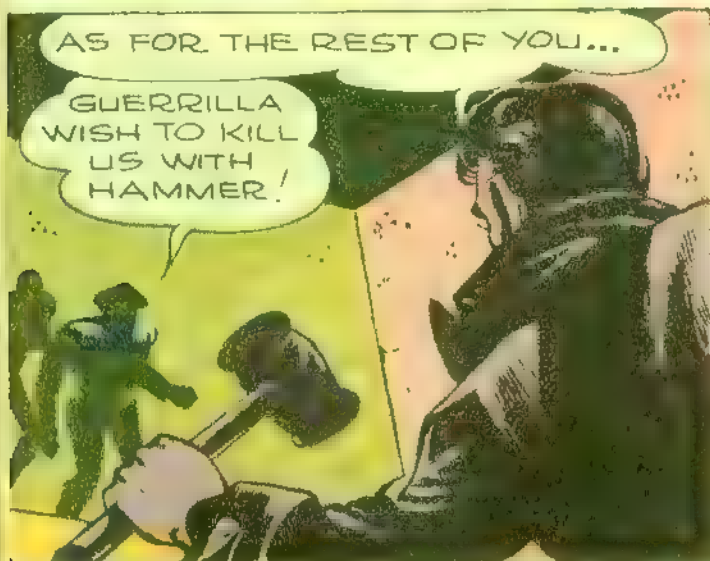
YIII...!

THAT'S THE WAY, GUERRILLA! DON'T TRY TO ARGUE WITH THE YELLOW...



THAT'S THE WAY TO ARGUE WITH ANYBODY WHO STIRS UP PREJUDICE.

OWWW...!

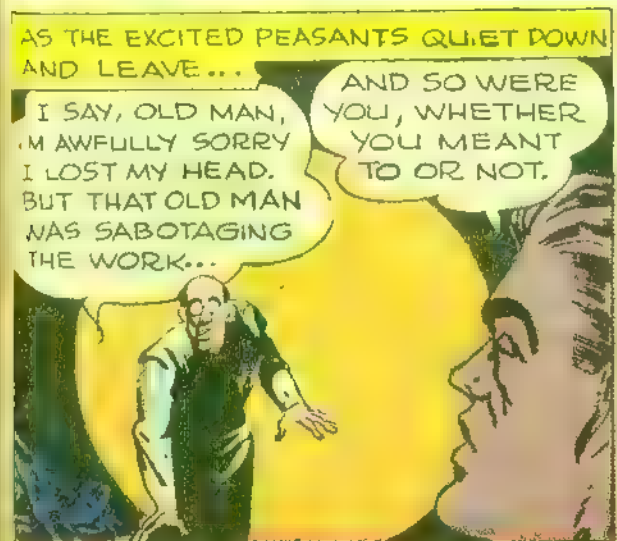


AS FOR THE REST OF YOU...

GUERRILLA WISH TO KILL US WITH HAMMER!



NO, I JUST WISH TO PROVE TO YOU THAT THIS IS THE CORRECT WAY OF REPAIRING THESE GUNS. WE'LL TEST THEM LATER.



AS THE EXCITED PEASANTS QUIET DOWN AND LEAVE...

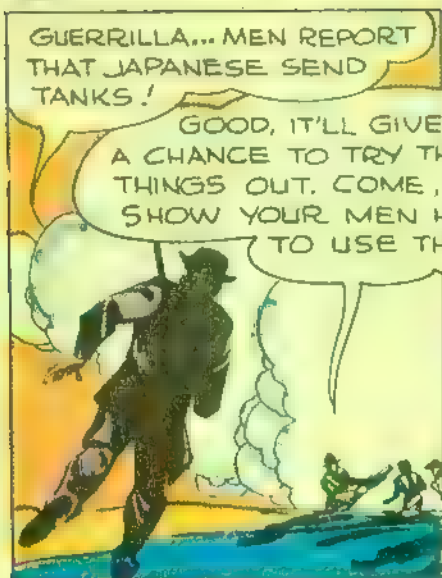
I SAY, OLD MAN, I'M AWFULLY SORRY I LOST MY HEAD. BUT THAT OLD MAN WAS SABOTAGING THE WORK...

AND SO WERE YOU, WHETHER YOU MEANT TO OR NOT.



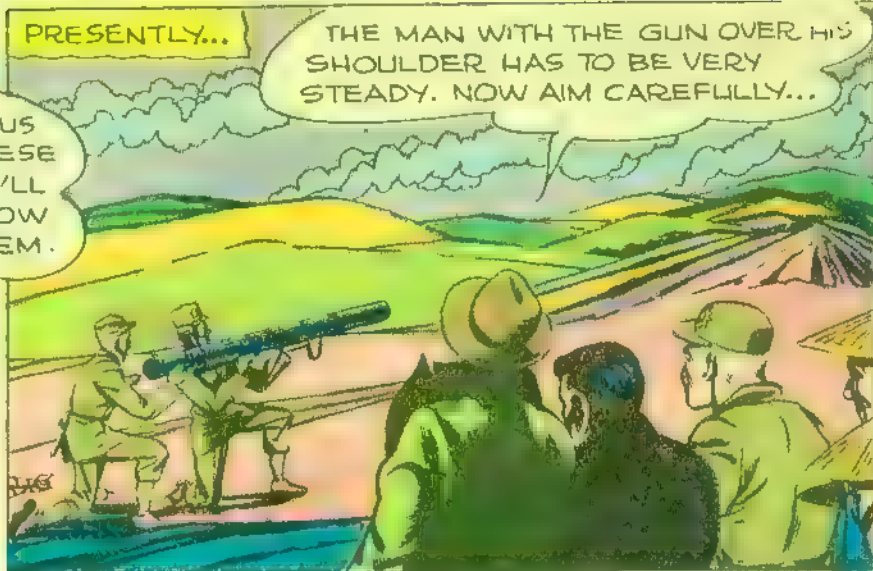
IF I EVER HEAR YOU CALL THESE PEOPLE YELLOW AGAIN, I'M GOING TO SEE THAT YOU'RE KICKED OUT OF HERE AND NEVER COME BACK. REMEMBER THAT!

I WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE, OLD FELLOW.



GUERRILLA... MEN REPORT THAT JAPANESE SEND TANKS!

GOOD, IT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO TRY THESE THINGS OUT. COME, I'LL SHOW YOUR MEN HOW TO USE THEM.



PRESENTLY...

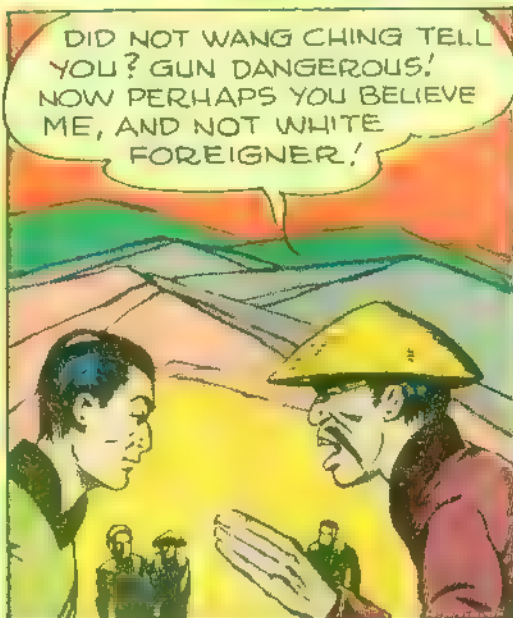
THE MAN WITH THE GUN OVER HIS SHOULDER HAS TO BE VERY STEADY. NOW AIM CAREFULLY...



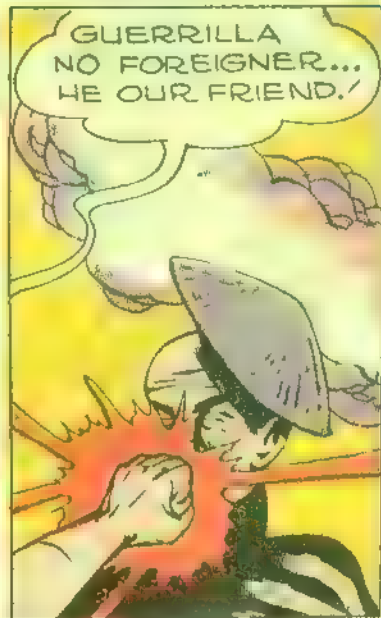
FIRE!

BOOM!

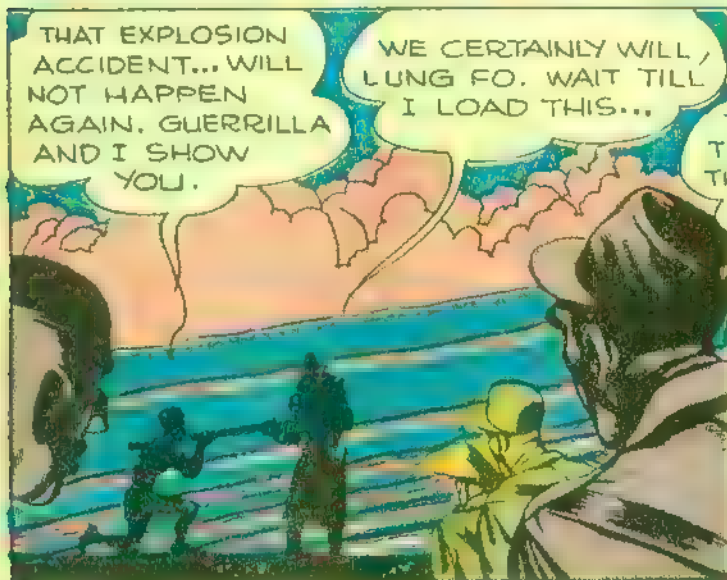
AHHH!



DID NOT WANG CHING TELL YOU? GUN DANGEROUS! NOW PERHAPS YOU BELIEVE ME, AND NOT WHITE FOREIGNER!



GUERRILLA NO FOREIGNER... HE OUR FRIEND!



THAT EXPLOSION ACCIDENT... WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN. GUERRILLA AND I SHOW YOU.

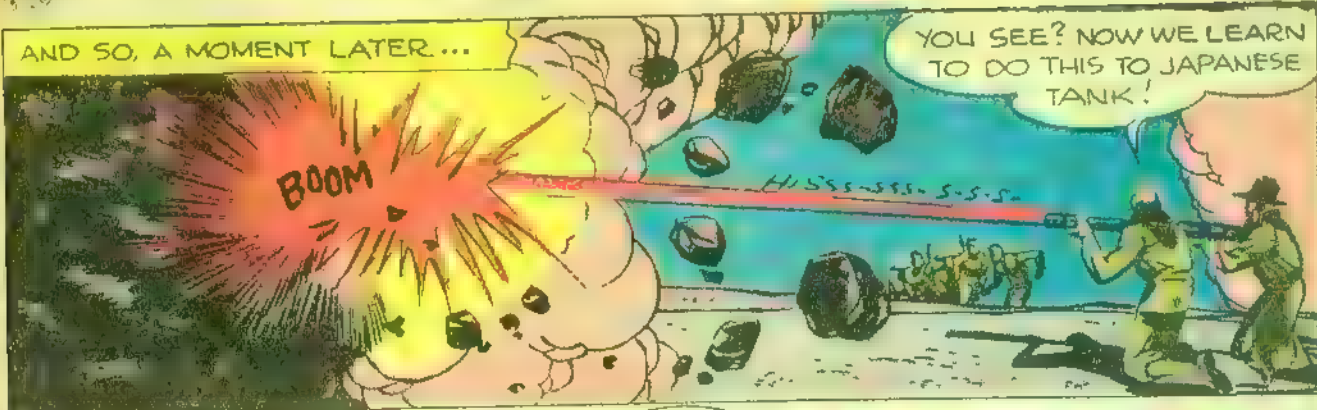
WE CERTAINLY WILL, LUNG FO. WAIT TILL I LOAD THIS...



OH, OH... THE FUSES OF THESE SHELLS HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH! THAT MUST BE WHY THE OTHER BAZOOKA EXPLODED!

THEN FIX, GUERRILLA, AND WE USE. MEANWHILE, I HAVE IDEA WHO TRAITOR MAY BE... I SEND MEN TO FIND.

AND SO, A MOMENT LATER...



AND AT THE SAME TIME, LUNG FO'S MEN FIND...

HA! LUNG FO SAY HE SEE WURMSER NEAR PILE OF SHELLS.

NOW WE FIND HIM SEND SECRET MESSAGE...



SCHWEINHUND! I AM NO TRAITOR, ONLY LOYAL TO THE NAZI SPIRIT...



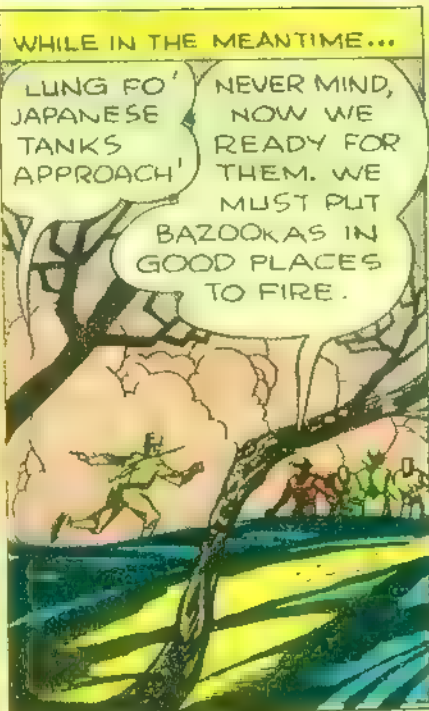
AAAA...



WHILE IN THE MEANTIME...

LUNG FO 'JAPANESE TANKS APPROACH'

NEVER MIND, NOW WE READY FOR THEM. WE MUST PUT BAZOOKAS IN GOOD PLACES TO FIRE.

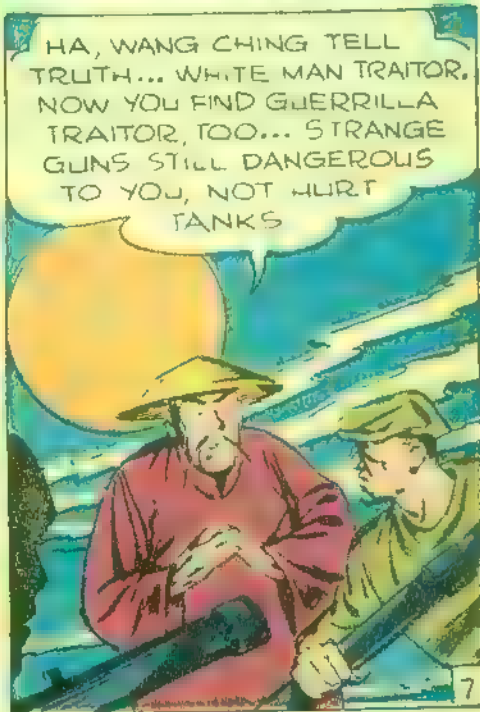


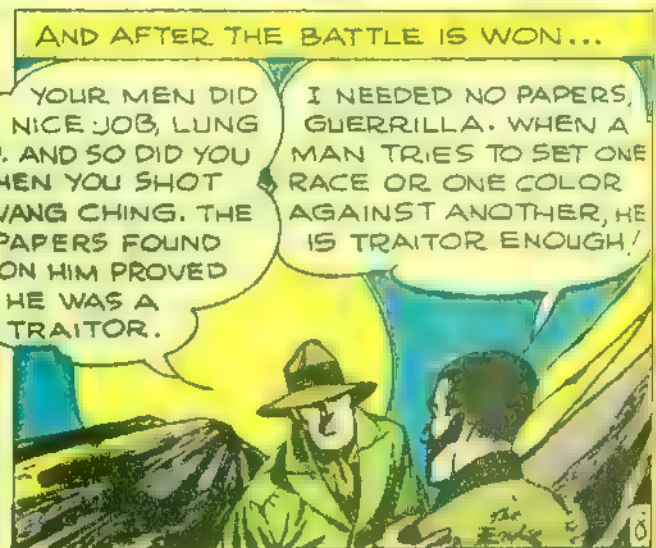
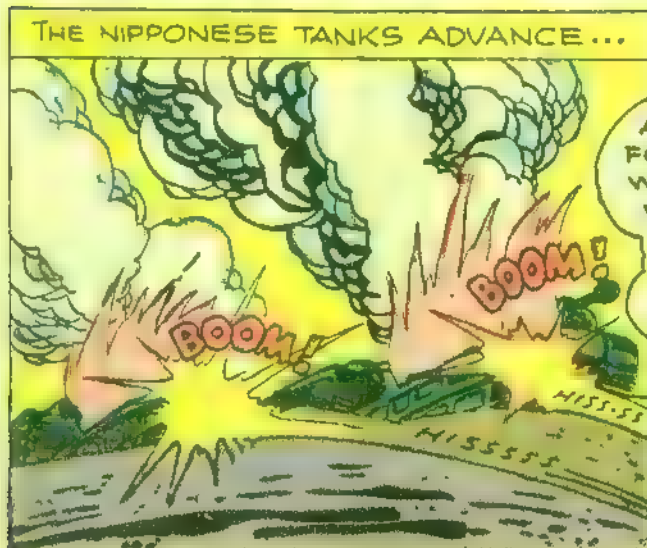
BUT ONE WILY TRAITOR IS NOT YET CAUGHT!

WURMSER NOT CAREFUL-HE FOOL. BUT SINCE HE WHITE MAN... GIVE ME CHANCE TO CONFUSE STUPID ONES FURTHER



HA, WANG CHING TELL TRUTH... WHITE MAN TRAITOR. NOW YOU FIND GUERRILLA TRAITOR, TOO... STRANGE GUNS STILL DANGEROUS TO YOU, NOT HURT TANKS

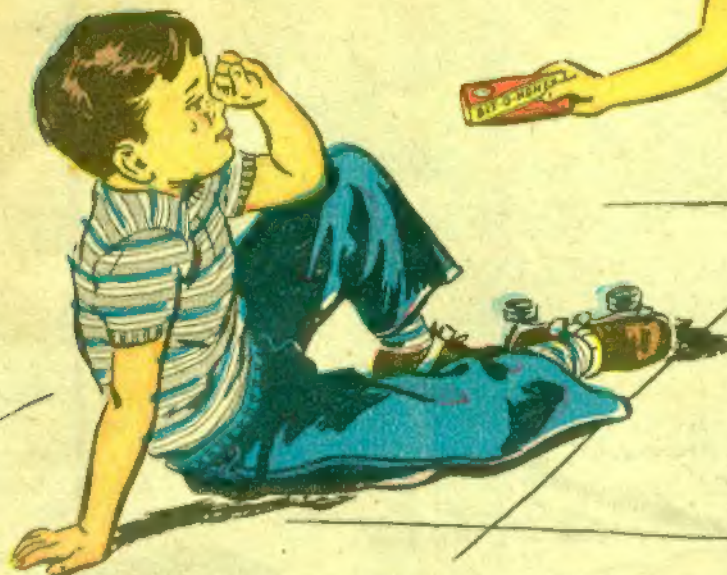




Meet a



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Eat a



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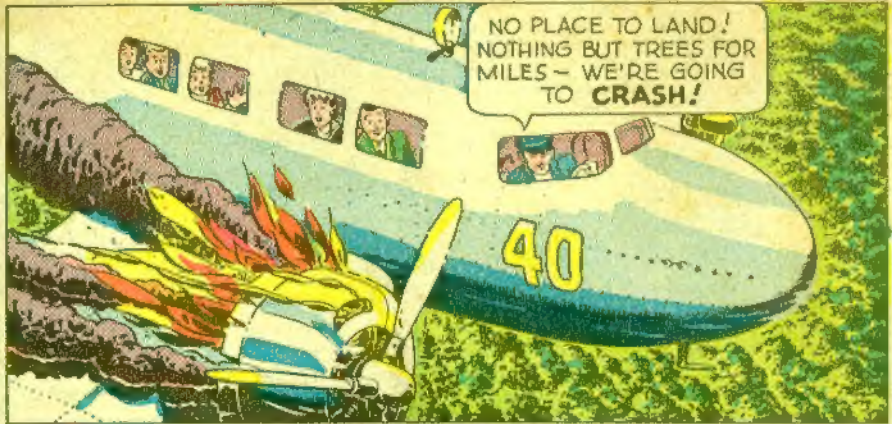
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OFFER EXPIRES DEC 31, 1948

How THOM McAN SAVED THE FLAMING '40'

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

THE '40' IS ON FIRE! WALKING THROUGH THE THICK FOREST BELOW, THOM McAN AND HIS SILENT LITTLE PAL 'H' SEE THE GIANT 40-PASSENGER PLANE SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A CLEAR PLACE TO LAND.



NO PLACE TO LAND! NOTHING BUT TREES FOR MILES - WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

GEE, 'H', I'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE PASSENGERS! WAIT, I HAVE IT - PUT THOSE SMOKE-MAKING CAPSULES IN MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!



QUICKLY THOM STEPS INTO HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES" - AND STREAKS SKYWARD AS 'H' WATCHES HIM GO!



THE TRAIL OF SMOKE FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SPELLS OUT INSTRUCTIONS TO THE STARTLED PILOT.



HOW'S THAT FOR A THREE-SECOND AIR FIELD!

THE CRUSHING "EXHAUST" FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" BLASTS A PERFECT EMERGENCY LANDING STRIP THROUGH THE FOREST... THE PLANE IS SAVED !!



THOM, YOUR "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SAVED OUR LIVES LIKE... WELL, LIKE THE WAY THOM McAN SHOES SAVE OUR FEET!

WHY DOES 'H' NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE 'H' IN "THOM McAN" - ALWAYS SILENT! ('C' THE 'H' IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD!)

- AND THOM McAN SHOES WILL AMAZE YOU TOO!



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know all that," Cartridge said. "It's what they do—they're not fighting that." He held his hands to his head. "If the Colonel ever wise to the shenanigans two have pulled off, I'm a duck."

Windham smiled again. "He I think Sergeant Mulray will provide the finishing I've an idea he headed toward the potato bins. Now on, they'll behave. Wait and see." He looked at his watch. "Come on, Ted, time for a drink before

grumbling, Cartridge led his pal out. "They'll reform. And you can't make me believe differently."

He held that thought all day. And the next day, he was thinking of it as he saw Windham and Dibble peeling potatoes, stabbing the heart out of them with something resembling joy.

When he looked at them," he groaned to himself, "they don't even seem to be punished." He shuddered, wondering what the air would pull next. There he was, getting away from it, and my should have left Dibble and Dillon back in private supersalesmen. Then his life would have been easier.

Two weeks slipped away. When men had done their K.P., and behold, not once had they brought them in. It was Cartridge, and he sent Mulray.

Mulray, I can't figure it out. Windham said Dillon and Dibble would reform. What do you think?"

In the corner, Major Windham smiled. "They just hadn't taken the seriousness of their behavior presented to them in the light," he said. "Time was taken to take care of them." He laughed. "I will admit, Captain, that I think the threat of courts-martial frightened them. I'd be willing to go further and state they were abso-

lutely happy to do penance on K.P."

Cartridge blinked. "By golly, you're right. I remember noticing how happy they looked about it."

Mulray scratched his head. "Begging your pardon, Sir, but it's just as you and the Major say, Captain. I never saw two birds like K.P. the way they did." He grimaced. "But mark my words, Captain, you can't cure those two."

Major Windham laughed. "In this case you're wrong, Sergeant. You see, there's good in everyone. When they get off on a wrong track, we try to straighten them out. The old stiff-as-a-ramrod school is out, Sergeant."

Mulray gulped, then allowed the words to pass from his lips. He had wanted to hold them back, but couldn't: "That's a lotta mullarky, Sir."

"Sergeant!" Cartridge cut in. "Sorry, Sir."

"It's all right, Captain." Windham said. "The Sergeant has a right to his beliefs." He smiled. "If I were a civilian doctor, and making a wager, I'd even go so far as to present the Sergeant with a new coat if I happened to be wrong." He shrugged. "But of course . . ."

Cartridge smiled. "You may go, Sergeant. Remember, have your men ready. We're moving up tonight."

Saluting smartly, Mulray went out. All the way over to his outfit, he grumbled. His humor was still bad that night when action arrived. He lost sight of Dillon and Dibble in the fray, but that didn't worry him. He knew they were in there fighting alongside their buddies.

It took time to conquer the objective they went after. Considerable time. Mulray, as he himself phrased it, was busier than his favorite biscuits. As luck would have it, rain, too, took part in the battle. But at last the objective was won.

However, it was ten hours later before Mulray bethought himself of Dillon and Dibble. "Last I saw of them," a Corporal said, "they were sleeping in a foxhole."

He chuckled. "They're probably there right now. Sarge. Shall I go get them?"

"Yes." Mulray said. "No, wait a minute. Here's Captain Cartridge and Major Windham. We'll all go over." He shook his head. "I wish I knew what those guys went to sleep for."

He was wrong. Dillon and Dibble weren't asleep. After the battle, they had fallen asleep, true. But they awoke to find themselves in four inches of water. Drowsily, they had baled it out, only to find, an hour later, it had once more flooded.

It was Dibble who found the cause. "Well, whaddya know, Dillon," he said, enthusiastically. "We're right on the site of a spring."

"A spring. No wonder it kept getting full," Dillon said. "Come on, let's get out of here."

"Get out? Are you crazy?" Dibble stared at him. "Listen, this is some foxhole. Here, look . . ."

It was thus that Sergeant Mulray found them. They had by then dug a channel to let the water escape, hollowed out a basin in which to wash themselves, and somehow installed an old stove. Spick and span, they saluted the Captain and Major Windham.

The Major blinked as a howl came from Captain Cartridge. He followed the Captain's finger, then shut his eyes to keep out the home-made sign which said:

"For hire—the only foxhole with hot and cold running water."

He didn't even hear Sergeant Mulray say: "You can't cure those guys. That new coat's sure gonna feel good!"

001000

LOST AND FOUND

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